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"The Problem"

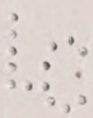
A MILITARY NOVEL

BY

F. GRANT GILMORE

AUTHOR OF

"MASONIC" AND OTHER POEMS



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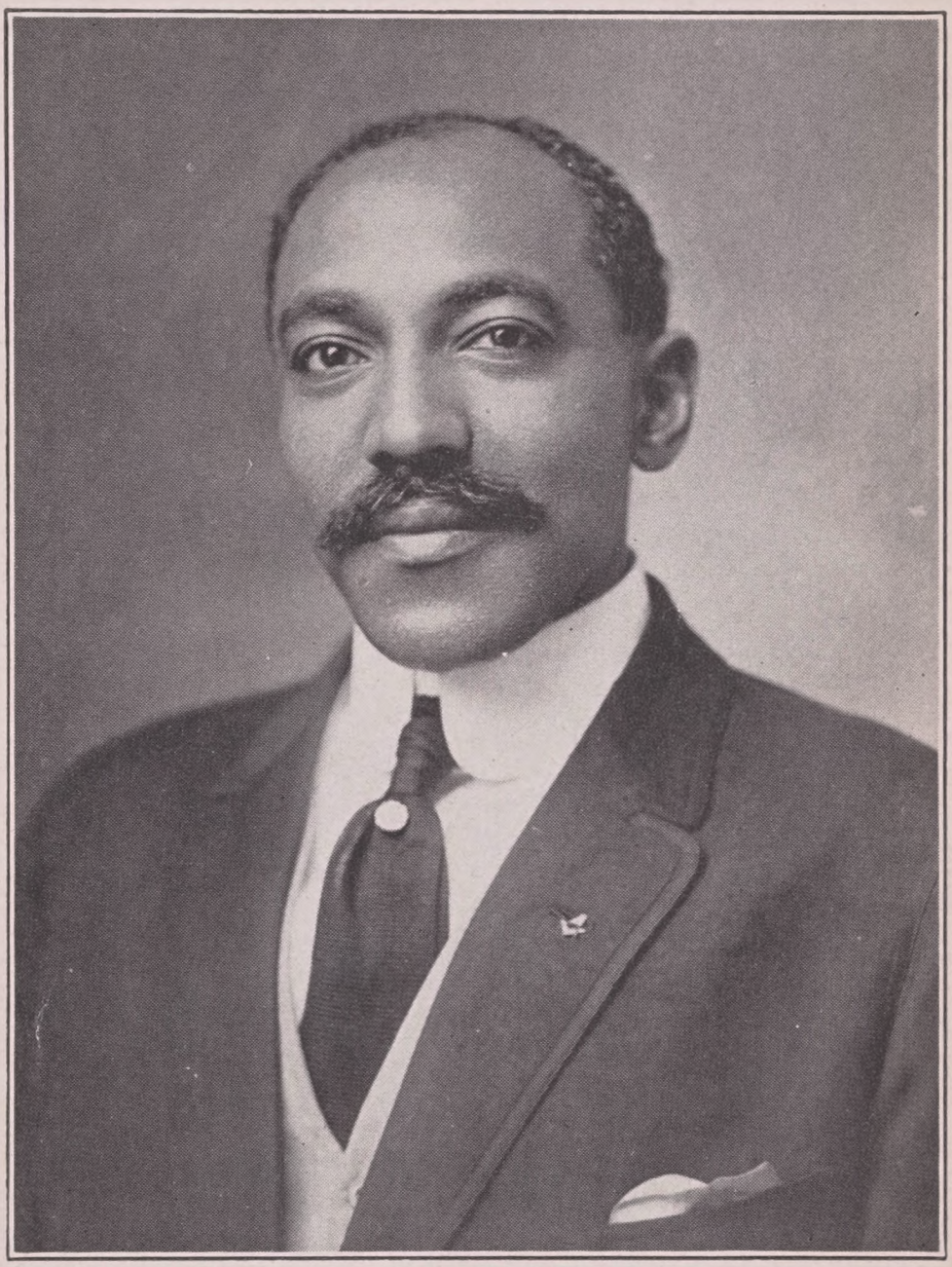

F. GRANT GILMORE

PREFACE

DEAR READER: It is of no purpose of mine to make an appeal to your sentimental nature in lauding the exploits of the principal characters, or to exaggerate the facts associated with their life. You will note, in depicting the scenes, that the actual time and date are given to guide you through the eventful career of the principals. The scenes are natural, and are brought to your notice daily. What we do claim is, that the dictates of conscience prevail throughout. The sacrifice exhibited is natural and the description of the action of the soldiers and the noble display of bravery are all too true. In all, as you follow through the many perilous scenes and incidents of this romantic novel, may the lesson taught bring us closer to mankind and that we may be charitable in thought and deed. As time passes, we are slowly drawing to the place where there is no race, no creed, no color.

THE AUTHOR.

PRESS OF
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"The Problem"

CHAPTER I

Upon the wings of fleeting time,
Ride happiness and despair;
Unknowing of their lives entwined,
Not dreaming of the care.

—*Gilmore.*

Hezekiah Williams was born of free parents in the little village of Selma, Ala. His father, Austin Williams, was one of the few colored men of Selma who had never been slaves. His first born was a boy whom he named Hezekiah, who, from his youth, was thrifty and industrious. The exact date of his birth was not known, but he was a man some years prior to the beginning of the Civil War. In 1858, Hezekiah married Susan Mabry, the maid of Colonel Mabry's eldest daughter, purchasing her freedom by paying the sum of $2,000.00. In July, 1860, the first born of Hezekiah and Susan Williams was a beautiful girl, whom they named Amanda.

While on a visit to Selma, Ala., Colonel Fairfax, of Richmond, Va., met Hezekiah Williams, whom he induced to come to Richmond, Va., and take charge of his farm. Williams made the long journey from Selma, Ala., to Richmond, Va., by stage coach, and after three weeks' journeying arrived at the farm of Colonel Fairfax to become its manager. Having run the farm so successfully for three years, Colonel Fairfax decided that he would retire and make his future home near Washington, D. C., offering Hezekiah the option of purchasing the farm

or renting it. Hezekiah decided to purchase, paying $10,000.00 in gold, and giving a mortgage for the remainder, which was to be reduced annually.

The payment of such a large sum of money in cash by a colored man called forth much surprise and speculation in Richmond. Williams, by this purchase, became the owner of one hundred acres of the richest land in Virginia. The friendship between Colonel Fairfax and Williams grew very strong, and every year Colonel Fairfax returned to the farm to pay Williams a visit. In all the undertakings of Williams his wife, Susan, was his strongest supporter. Her very fair complexion made it difficult to fix her racial status. In 1870, Hezekiah was seized with a lingering malady, which resulted in his death August 5, 1872. At his death Susan and her daughter Amanda found themselves confronted with the responsibilities of entirely liquidating the mortgage on the farm, as well as maintaining the same.

Amanda, at the age of twenty years, was a beautiful young woman, inheriting the fine qualities of her mother, even the luxurious growth of brown hair which covered her shapely head. She was called "de queen of de village," having many admirers. After the death of Williams, Colonel Fairfax took a deeper interest and often visited the Williams homestead.

In a beautiful mansion, surrounded by an extensive estate, situated about two miles from the Capitol grounds, lived the Fairfax family. Mrs. Amelia Fairfax, wife of the Colonel, a product of an aristocratic Southern family, endowed with high ideals, was the happy mother of a bouncing boy. Henry Fairfax, the heir to the Fairfax fortunes, was two years old at this time. His black, piercing eyes portrayed the hot Southern character inherited from his parents. It was even said that he was incorrigible. He was the idol of his mother and

the pride of his father, and was closely watched that no accident would befall him; thus he grew to be a promising young man. At the age of seven years, having no companions save his valet, he was surprised one day by the arrival of a very pretty girl, five years old, named Freda, brought by his father as a playmate for him.

Mrs. Fairfax received the little girl with nonchalant reserve, having agreed with the Colonel for her adoption, not knowing anything of the parentage, and accepting the explanation of the Colonel that the little girl was a waif with no known parents, and, being endowed with marvelous beauty, would be a fit companion for her lonesome boy.

Tho' the intent be good
Evil brings its own reward.

Tender affections grew up between the boy and girl. Over the vast estate they romped with Bruno, their mastiff guard, often hiding in the shrubbery for hours until found by the valet or housemaid. The lives of these two became inseparable and the tenderlike affection existing between the two brought unbounded pleasure to Colonel and Mrs. Fairfax. But alas! fate had decreed this romantic change embodying four lives to be severed, for at this time the Colonel contracted a serious illness and all the aid of medical science was brought to bear to combat the ravages of this disease. After suffering three weeks the head of the Fairfax family, a man of wealth and renown, died. The Colonel, knowing of the approaching end, called in his solicitor, and a codicil was added to his will, reading: "That the girl, Freda Waters, brought to my home by me shall be reared, cared for, and given a thorough education, and at the age of twenty-one she shall receive the sum of ten thousand dollars and the interest thereon."

Grief stricken, Rosewood, the Colonel's vast estate, was closed by the widow, having decided to go abroad. The party, consisting of Mrs. Fairfax, a sister, Mrs. Lee, the maid and two children, visited London, Paris, Berlin, and many cities of note. They remained abroad about one year. In the spring of 1886, they returned to America. Rosewood was again opened and the family settled down to a new life. The education of the children was the one thought and desire of Mrs. Fairfax. Henry expressing a desire to be a soldier, it was decided to give him a military training. Later he was sent to a military school. Freda, being younger, remained at home under tuition of a competent instructor. Mrs. Fairfax, being prominently associated with many societies for the relief of humanity, found much pleasure in her philanthropic work. The daily association of Freda with her foster mother brought about a very tender regard, which afterward ripened into deep affection, and they often sat and talked of the time when Henry would return home on his vacation, and the happy reunion was celebrated by many unique and novel entertainments. Thus the lives went on and on, until at the age of fifteen, Freda was sent abroad. She exhibited a rare taste for art and music, being blessed with a marvelous voice.

"You'll be a reigning belle," her mother said, "when you return, and although I am loth to part with you, it is for your future welfare."

Freda embarked for Paris in charge of a governess, to begin a new life mid foreign surroundings. After four years of study she returned to her home. The happy party that journeyed from Washington to New York to welcome the homecoming of Freda, consisting of Mrs. Fairfax and her son Henry, who had received the highest honors for his efficiency at West Point, was rapturously overwhelmed with the marvelous beauty of the girl who only a short time

left the shores, said, "There she is, mother! There she is!" Freda, attired in a natty traveling gown, came down the companionway of the steamer. "Oh, I'm so glad to be home again; Paris is fine, but America for me."

Freda's Choice

Mid the sweet strains of music from the Hungarian orchestra, the perfume of flowers, and the thousands of electric bulbs entwined in the shrubbery, made Rosewood into a garden of Eden the night when Freda was presented to Washington society. Foreign noblemen, men of wealth, men of letters, and men high in government and military circles were the guests of Mrs. Fairfax and her son Henry, who had received the honorable appointment as surgeon in the United States Army. Everywhere throughout the vast assemblage Freda's beauty was openly commended, and after the earnest solicitation of her mother she consented to sing. The "Airia from Aida" was rendered with rare grace and simplicity which electrified her hearers. "Who is this girl of the Fairfax's?" "Where did she come from?" These and other inquiring remarks were caught by the sensitive ear of Freda, which caused her to think and wonder and to ask herself the same distressing question, "Who am I?"

Accepted as the new belle and the acknowledged queen were the social honors conferred upon this debutante. After the guests had departed and the family assembled in the tea room, reaction took possession of her, and, though the Fairfax family had achieved new social honors, that "Who am I?" was a spectre of the past which came to blight the future happiness of this innocent girl.

"Freda, my child, I was so proud of you to-night; you looked so beautiful."

"Yes, mother, and I was jealous of the attention she received from all of those great men, but they can't have you. Can they, Freda?"

"Surgeon, you and your mother are so good to me, and the reception you planned for me to-night is only one of the many exhibitions of your kindly traits of character; but I fear I must do something practical. How could I be happy doing nothing when there is so much suffering in this world? Mother, you will forgive me if I beg of you and the Surgeon to excuse me, so I'll kiss you both good night."

Everywhere in Washington society the marvelous beauty and exquisite grace of Freda, known as the adopted daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Fairfax, was openly discussed, and the dethroned belles would ask, "Who is this budding beauty?" "Why did the Colonel adopt her?" When these annoying questions were brought to the attention of Freda she, one day, ran to her mother, and throwing her arms around her neck, bursting into a flood of tears, she cried, "Mother, tell me who I am." Mrs. Fairfax, distressed at the girl's sensitiveness, tried to console her with these words: "You are my own dear, sweet child, and what I have is yours; so there, don't cry."

* * * *

"Yes, my dear Miss Waters, the board of examiners have accepted your petition, and you may report daily to the District Superintendent of the Red Cross Society. You will find the work arduous, but as you are blessed with a strong physique I have no fear but that you will make a successful nurse."

This was the life Freda chose after consulting her heart as to how to find happiness in this world. Surgeon Fairfax and his mother were much distressed at the course taken by Freda, and society seemed shocked by the action of the crowning belle of Washington.

When remonstrated by Mrs. Fairfax as to why her dear child chose that profession, Freda gently replied, "Are you not associated with organiza-

tions that care for the afflicted and the unfortunate? Have you not given up your time and money for the poor and the distressed? Did you not take me when I was but a child; cared for me; educated me, and made me what I am to-day? Did you not tell me that our lives should be useful? Am I not following your precepts?"

"Yes, my child, but you are so young, so inexperienced. You are not sure that you will like the life. Listen! You will be sent afar off to other countries where fever and pestilence prevail. You will have to care for the wounded, live in tents, and suffer untold hardships. Could you be happy in that field? Freda, I love you. The Colonel left me with a vast fortune, more money than I can ever spend. Henry, my son, loves you, and it is my wish that some day you will be his wife."

"Mother, there are voices crying out, as my heart cries out, for mercy, and I must respond to their call. God has ordained it and I bow to His will. You will love me better when you know that I gave my life for those less fortunate. Forgive me!"

"Well, my dear, if this is your choice, I must submit to your desires, and may the yearning of your heart, which leads you to this great sacrifice, not result in disaster and failure. I leave you with this promise: No matter where you are, no matter what befalls you, you are still my own dear child, and you will always find me ever ready to serve you, but I have grave fears for the step you are about to take." With these words, Mrs. Fairfax, a woman of strong temperament, gave way to her tender impulses and cried as though her heart would break. Freda, not having seen her mother cry since the death of the Colonel, was visibly affected, and threw her arms around the neck of her benefactress and wept with her. Surgeon Fairfax entered the room about this time and found the women clasped in each other's arms. The scene was one

that deeply impressed him and he vowed that Freda should be his wife, no matter what she did or where she went. He thought that he never saw a picture so lovely.

"Freda, can anything change you in this mad act? Can you not see that you have drawn a dark cloud over our bright sky of happiness? What can we do to change your mad intent? Tell me! What can we do?"

"Surgeon, you can do something; you and your dear mother. You can give me your blessings in my new field of happiness. Would you see me unhappy, or will you join with me in serving humanity, like Christ, who gave His life for the world that all might be saved? No, Surgeon, I must go to those who need me, and God will bless you and your dear mother for encouraging a heart whose future deeds will add glory to us all." Thus, she won her wish, and the following day reported to the headquarters of the society and was assigned to one of the barrack hospitals, where she received practical instructions as to the care of the wounded.

After the destruction of the battleship Maine, in the early spring, the United States was like a hound held in leash, ready to spring at the throat of the enemy, and only wise counsel prevailed, owing to the unreadiness of the country for war. Then came the declaration of war with Spain and the mobilization of the regular army was promptly begun, and troops began to leave their home stations for the scene of action. It was at this period that the famous Ninth and Tenth Cavalries were ordered to proceed to Cuba, whereby their deeds of valor made history.

Freda, with a corps of nurses, was sent to Cuba. Surgeon Fairfax, wishing to be near her, asked to be assigned to duty, which was granted. Freda Waters, the beautiful Red Cross nurse, began a new life amid changed conditions and distressing scenes.

CHAPTER II

O, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands—Life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares.

—*Longfellow.*

Ben Henderson was among the slaves of John Henderson, who lived near Petersburgh, Va., where he held large possessions. Ben was known as the most handsome jet-black negro of his community. His wife, Maria, was tall and very dark, showing all the characteristics of her African descent. Of the four children born to Ben and Maria, one was William, known as "Lanky." Ben died, leaving his wife with the care of these four children, who were unable to be of much assistance to their mother.

William Henderson, known as "Lanky" among his associates, received this distinction at the age of ten years, being very tall and slender. His mother being a widow he was denied many of the necessities of life. They lived in a hamlet near Richmond, Va. He attended the village school and was known as one of the brightest pupils there. At this age he exhibited a great trait of character for leadership. His playmates never disputed his authority, owing to his pugnacious disposition. Marauding parties, led by Lanky, wrought much havoc among the neighboring farmers, and caused much anxiety to his mother. The weather was never too rough nor the distance too far for Lanky and his band of marauders. The band's depredations had become unbearable, so it was decided to send Lanky to an uncle who agreed to raise and educate him. He was sent to the city of Richmond where he attended the public school until he was eighteen years old, leading his classes in athletic

sports. His oft-expressed desire to be a soldier was realized one day after a stormy scene with his uncle, who attempted to admonish him for some of his misdeeds, saying, "William, I will not tolerate your acts any longer; you must settle down to something that will be of service to you." The next day a tall, active young colored man applied to the recruiting station and asked to be assigned to a regiment. Having passed the mental and physical examinations, he was sent to Fort Robinson, where the Ninth Cavalry was in camp. The many Indian uprisings at that time required much scouting. In these expeditions Henderson was one of the foremost to volunteer. His courage was never disputed, and he won many medals in pistol and rifle contests. He rapidly rose in rank from 1888 until 1898, when we find him receiving the appointment as Sergeant.

Baiquiri and Siboney, near the entrance of Santiago Harbor, Cuba, were very lively places when the Ninth Cavalry arrived in the latter part of June, 1898, to engage the Spaniards. The scene was one that shall never be forgotten. Men, who had left their loved ones at home, were in a new region infested with disease, venomous reptiles, and a hostile enemy, who depended solely upon guerrilla warfare. Only those endowed with patriotic love for their country, and who were willing to lay down their lives for the glory of the Stars and Stripes, were there, and the anxiety for action overshadowed all melancholy thoughts of the loved ones far away.

Henderson, in charge of a detachment, was sent ahead to guard the advance of the Commissary.

"General, there will be some lively times here and the boys are very anxious," said Captain Jenkins, of Steamer Mayflower, to General Funston, "and as our ships have only had rifle practice, the boys aboard are anxious for some real work."

"Oh, they will get it!" retorted General Funston, "but you fellows out there on the water can see what you are doing, while we boys on shore can be picked off at leisure, but everything is in readiness. The transport, bearing the hospital equipment and the Red Cross nurses, has arrived, and we have selected a very desirable site for them."

"My, what a pretty lot of girls there are among them. Who is in charge of the hospital corps, General?"

"Surgeon Fairfax, of Washington, D. C., a bright and able fellow. I know the family well. Miss Freda Waters, his foster sister, is one of the corps of nurses."

"General, I must get aboard ship. I'd like to have you dine with me, if convenient," and with the usual military salutation the General and Captain separated.

"How do you do, Surgeon? I learned that you were here," and with these words he grasped the hand of a tall, military young man with piercing black eyes, whose nervous temperament was not befitting a man of his profession.

"Glad to see you, General, and always trust to see you as you are at the present time. I would not have been here, but I must be near Freda. You know she is inexperienced in this field and will need a strong arm to guide her."

"Oh, well, she can care for herself, and if she doesn't contract a fever you may have no fear for her safety."

Saluting the General the Surgeon turned his footsteps toward the camp; the General to his headquarters.

On a beautiful hill, shaded by palm trees, a short distance from the road which leads to the harbor, was a row of tents surrounding one large tent. The emblem, a huge red cross, shone out clearly in the morning sun. This little village, as we may

term it, was all quiet and serene. The simple arrangements of the cots, white and spotless, only bespoke of the care taken by those in charge. That little army, whose arduous labors bringing more personal satisfaction than honor achieved, was as brave in the discharge of their duties as any soldier who fell under their care, and that Christ-like influence over the unfortunate did more to bring back to health than all the medicine administered by the surgeons. This was where Freda found happiness.

Little did she dream that it would be here that circumstances, over which she had no direct control, would so shape themselves as to revolutionize her heartfelt desires; and at night, when she knelt at her bedside, she prayed that she would be made strong to do the work ordained by Him who said:

"Blessed are they that mourn;
For they shall be comforted."

Those who were near her, gazing upon the innocent face, saw a picture of determined resolution, and as she said "Good Night," her eyes shone with a spirit of content and love for all mankind. Without, the silent tread of the sentinel, the deep stillness of the night, the anxious forebodings of impending happenings pictured a scene of mental unrest. Not very far from the hospital tent was a row of gray canvas houses, presenting a village of mammoth proportions. There were streets, avenues, and a large space to be used as assembly or parade grounds. Far beyond, mid trees and underbrush, sulked a race whose hot-tempered blood saw nothing, knew nothing, only the avenging spirit of conquest. Shrewd, alert, pantherlike, ever ready to spring at the throats of their prey, they, the Spaniards, lay and wait for the inhabitants of the village to begin action; and so the clouds of night, slowly incasing the earth, brought to a close a day of

anxiety. Far away, loved ones prayed to God that he would watch over, guide, and protect those who would give their lives for their country.

The break of day found the soldiers resting on their arms, and from Washington throughout the United States, the all-absorbing topic, "What will happen next?" was the prevailing question. Spain, realizing the enormous task before her, prepared herself for a long siege. Her best and most powerful battleships were sent to these shores. The long-drawn out conflict between the Spaniards and the Cubans, lasting ten years, only served to make her more determined to crush the proud spirit of the United States. This country, knowing of the hard struggle for independence and freedom of the little island of Cuba, had, in a small measure, aided the inhabitants to secure that which we all love. The noble manner in which they had fought a greater and more powerful foe gained for them that regard and respect due to individuals and countries; so the sympathy of the world, fortified by the will of God. The United States had begun a war for the elimination of despotism and tyranny, supplanting the same with the new reign of law and justice to all mankind; thus we have the motive for this great conflict to be waged relentlessly, until liberty stands predominant upon the Western Hemisphere.

The sound of the bugle, the tap of the drum, brought the army to attention. Couriers were received and dispatched; transports arriving, on which was Colonel Roswell with his roughriders, a formidable array of fighters, strong, active, reared in the West, known as cowboys and ranchmen, not considering the dangers, but like their leader was ever ready to be in the thickest of the fray.

"How far is it to the hill, General? We're going to take the block house," was the greeting the

Colonel gave when General Funston received him in camp.

"Oh, not very far, Colonel; but you must be careful; those devils are lying in ambush, and they are all sharpshooters and will pick you off at will."

"Spaniards or no Spaniards, we're frothing at the mouth, and our object is to take the hill." With these words he saluted the General and left for the camp of roughriders.

Henderson, starting on a scouting expedition, made the following report to General Funston:

"General, we have found that it is almost impossible to make an open charge against these red devils, owing to the growth of the underbrush, which is even far better than trenches. It gives the enemy perfect shelter and exposes us to a deadly fire. I learn that the roughriders are about to take the hill; you must persuade them to desist. The act is not only foolhardy but suicidal, and will cause a useless loss of life. In making observations, I ran across a Spaniard lying in the ambush near the outpost; after a little exercise with him I brought him in. He is now in the guard tent; I wish you would look him over. We may win from him some information that would be of some interest."

Sergeant Henderson and General Funston wended their way to the guard house.

Pete, known as a body servant to General Funston, who had lived with the General for years as his house servant, uneducated, unskilled, loving his master better than he loved himself, was destined to become a factor in this romantic life. No one ever paid any serious attention to Pete. He was respected only for the position he held and often accepted abuse at the hands of others rather than complain to his master; yet, within that black body was a heart with as deep a feeling as any of his superiors. It was this man who gained the

regard of Henderson and became his true friend. It was this man who also became the true friend of Freda. It was the love for justice of this man that brought to a successful conclusion the many perplexing incidents connected with their lives. His noble character brought for him that esteem and affection he so honestly deserved. As circumstances forced him in his present capacity, he was not endowed with that spirit of bravery, and often shrank at the sound of shot and shell; but as time went on, and being so closely associated with danger, Pete was always there to administer to the weak and fallen, rendering service of much value. There was a sentimental part in Pete's life which was quite natural, as he was but human, and when fate brought him and Quito together the incidents surrounding their romantic courtship were rather amusing.

Quito, a young widow of a Cuban soldier who was killed just prior to the opening of hostilities, was found one day by Surgeon Fairfax lurking near the entrance of the hospital tent. After careful investigation, it was decided to have her wait upon the nurses. Speaking very little English, but realizing her position, she soon became the ward of Freda, who took special interest in this poor unfortunate woman. Looking upon Pete as one in her own sphere they soon became great friends, and were often seen together. Thus, we find Cupid playing pranks with the unlettered, as well as shooting his arrow at the heart of sterner material.

So we find a life of happiness amid gruesome scenes, and who could foretell the climax of this eventful beginning, for it was very shortly after that the sound of rifle was heard one clear morning, long before those sleeping peacefully in their homes were awake, and at gray dawn of that memorable day the word was passed through camp that Colonel Roswell and his roughriders were on their way to

take the blockhouse. A call to arms was hurriedly given. Out from that village black heroes rushed. In the distance the firing of musketry could be heard, and the first real battle was on. The rough-riders were being cut down and their fearless leader, with his remaining comrades, stood in danger of complete annihilation.

Who can save them? Who will save them? Couriers arrive with the news that hope is almost gone, but without one word of command from superior officers, Sergeant Henderson dashed forth followed by his true heroic comrades. Into the deep thicket they plunged, disorganized in forces; they fought man for man, hand to hand, body and soul in action.

"On through the battle's crush,
With but one thought aflush,
Driving their lords like chaff,
At the guns' mouths they laugh;
At the slippery brands,
Leaping with open hands,
Down they tear, man and horse;
Down in their awful course,
All their eyes forward bent,
Rushed the Black Regiment!"

—*Baker.*

Far upon the road leading to the blockhouse, surrounded by a few brave followers, Colonel Roswell is seen, sword in hand, battling against superior numbers, which must only fall soon by the advancing enemy. The Stars and Stripes are trailing in the dust on the hillside; the groans of the wounded and the shrieks of the dying added havoc to this foolhardy undertaking; but above the din of battle, a voice is clearly heard: "Hold your own, Colonel; we're coming!" It was only a few yards between Henderson and his comrades that the massive form of the Colonel was seen to swerve, but Henderson had gained the hill.

Pandemonium reigned; the day was saved, and the Stars and Stripes again waved in the sunlight of that memorable morning. Reinforced by General Funston, the scattered army was again united, and mid the singing of "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," the famous Ninth and Tenth Cavalries returned to camp. But the price of victory was high; among the many wounded brought to camp was Sergeant Henderson. The blanched faces, depicting anxiety for this black hero, were everywhere prevalent. Deep silence reigned without, which was only broken by the arrival of General Funston, who had followed Henderson to the relief of the roughriders.

"Surgeon, is Henderson mortally wounded?"

"No, General, but he needs care."

"Surgeon, you must save this man's life; for such gallantry displayed by him I have never witnessed before."

Many cots in the hospital were soon receiving the heroic wounded, and after they had been tenderly cared for and made comfortable as possible, we find General Funston standing at the cot of Henderson, with Freda in attendance.

"Tell us how it happened, General. Tell us of the battle."

"It was this way: We were resting quietly on our arms in camp, thinking of our loved ones far away. I was seated in my tent preparing my report to be sent to headquarters at Washington. Hearing a few scattered shots, paying little heed to the same until the sentinel came to me with the news that Colonel Roswell and his roughriders were on their way to take the hill, not dreaming that he would put into execution such a rash act, when, all at once, I could hear firing of muskets, and with the aid of my glass I saw that it was all too true. Roswell and his roughriders had started and were being hemmed in on all sides and cut down like chaff before the wind. At that moment Sergeant

Henderson came in to me, saying: 'General, the roughriders are being cut down and we must save them.' Without waiting for orders he rushed from the camp. I heard his orders, and in less time than it takes to tell it, those black demons had plunged into the thicket. With the detachment I followed halfway up the hill. I saw the Colonel, sabre in hand, fighting like mad. Around him, on every side, were Spaniards; his men dropping here and there. When out from the smoke and muskets I saw Henderson, sword in hand, cutting to the right and to the left. Down he plunged into the thicket; out again upon the plain, until there only remained a short distance between him and the Colonel. I saw the color bearers shot down, and I heard the groans of the wounded; when over the prostrate forms of his own brave men Henderson plunged, and I heard his voice, clear and distinct, shouting, 'Charge!' and mid the shots of enemies' rifles he reached the Colonel's side, followed by his brave comrades. They gained the hill and saved the day. With confusion the enemy retreated."

With bowed head the General withdrew. Freda bent over the form of Henderson and uttered a soft prayer that God would spare him to enjoy the fruits of victory, and from that moment there awoke in that sleeping heart thoughts of future happiness, and she pictured there that which she never had dreamed, "That life is worth living." She was awakened from her reverie by the arrival of Colonel Roswell. Forcing his way past the guards and rushing to the cot on which Henderson lay, he was tenderly restrained by Freda, saying:

"You must not wake him; he needs rest. I will nurse him back to health."

"I know you will," replied the Colonel, "for he is too brave a man to die, and we need his service. You will tell him that I asked for him when he wakes." With these words the Colonel departed.

Long through the vigil of the night a living angel watched over this semi-conscious hero, guided by the thought that duty commanded her to make a sacrifice, and to remain awake that any physical turn for the worse would be arrested, and, as God had given this hero to the world, for his recovery she felt that she was personally responsible. The sudden twitching of the muscles, that exhibited the restless nature of this sleeping patient, at times startled her and, after giving him a mild opiate prescribed by the surgeon, he relapsed into peaceful slumber, with the word "mother" escaping from those unconscious lips. This magic word Freda caught, and again that thought, "Who am I" rose like a spectre before her. It was not very long before Henderson was able to take mild exercise. This he would do in charge of his nurse. They talked of home and the prospects of peace. At times he would often stray from her watchful care and would be found at the headquarters of the General, begging to be allowed to return to duty. The General, realizing his weakened condition, admonished his nurse not to permit the Sergeant to go beyond the hospital lines.

"Sergeant, you've walked enough, and I, as your nurse, must see that you return to your cot. Now, won't you come with me?" With these words she stopped to retrace her steps toward the hospital, and the childlike appeal seemed to unman this fearless soldier. He stood as one bewitched, not knowing how to reply; then his strength of power returned and he said:

"Miss Waters, ever since I have been under your care there is a deeper wound far greater than any given by this enemy; a wound which medical science cannot heal. The ravages of war only serve to make life glorious or inglorious. There are men far happier whose bodies lie cold upon the battle field than those whose very soul has been condemned

to eternal living. Why did you let me live when the chasm between us cannot be bridged? Why, Oh why, did God in His infinite grace allow a heart, whose whole thought was for the glory of his country, to sulk and cower under the magnetic influence of one so weak in physical force, yet unconsciously making a slave of sterner stuff. Leave me! I return to duty. Thine eyes are not for mine. Thy soul belongs above."

Then, as a criminal having confessed for a crime, he attempted to leave her, but Freda restrained him, saying, "Wait, Sergeant! Hear me! Hear me! You know not who I am; I know not myself. When a babe I was left in care of others, reared in luxury of wealth, surrounded by loved ones. I never knew the love of a mother save that of my nurse, one of your race, who, through her tears, sang me to sleep. I can see her now, tenderly caring and watching over me, and, until I was taken from her, I loved her as though she were my own dear mother. The world was cold and dreary, and the happiness of the unfortunate seemed to call to me, crying, 'Mercy!' My life was a blank until that fateful night you were brought to the hospital tent, and, after bending over you, a whispered word escaped from your lips, the word 'Mother!' Then hearing the words of praise for the gallantry displayed by you upon the battle field, of your sacrifice in the discharge of your duty, Sergeant Henderson, I saw in you that which all women see when their soul is awakened to the thought that life holds all that is dear to us; and, as you will leave me, let this be our prayer, that, though the laws of the land forbid, there is a higher law where souls may rest in peace in that world where parting is no more."

"Stop! You have no right to tempt me. Let us forget this day. Let it become a part of the forgotten night. Let not even a symbol of reflection

of our thoughts return. Let the memories waft on the distant horizon."

Before she could restrain his action he was gone. But, alas! These declarations of two souls were overheard. As though sent by the gods of destruction, Surgeon Fairfax heard all.

"What can this mean? Can the woman who gave up all the pleasures of this world for the care of the afflicted and the unfortunate, love this Othello? Can this woman, whom I loved in my childhood, be as Desdemona, that loved Othello for his brave deeds? Is it true that she has awakened from her lethargy, to see life as other women? If so, I swear by the gods to thwart every act of his that would rob me of the only woman in this world for me."

In the stillness of the early evening, while the breezes wafted through the palm trees, this man swore to avenge a fancied wrong of a comrade. 'Mid the glory of victory, sorrow took control of three hearts at the dictates of fate.

Here we find Henderson, in a weakened condition, at the headquarters of General Funston.

"General, I am all right. I feel well enough to return to duty. Don't send me back to the hospital again; the boys all miss me."

There he stood; a hero of many engagements; a man who smiled in the face of danger, pleading to his superior officer like a school boy. Any place, anywhere, than back to the hospital tent where he would come in contact with the woman who was robbing him of his earthly existence. The wounding of his heart was far greater than the wounding of his body, for he dare not hope for that which was beyond his power, and he stood silently awaiting the General's reply.

"Henderson, you are not strong enough for active duty, and I command you to remain under the care of the Surgeon until he discharges you as physically fit for service. That is my ultimatum." With a

commanding gesture to put his command into execution, he arose, and without a word pointed his finger direct to the hospital tent. With bowed head and a sad heart Henderson returned to the hospital.

And Freda; in the communion of her thoughts there arose these perplexing questions, "Who am I? What have I done that the gods of fate have crushed my ambition? Why is my life, at one time a moment of sunshine, blighted by the dark shadows of remorse? Are the sins of the fathers visited upon me as one of their children?" And, in this solitude of melancholy, she wept herself to sleep.

Fairfax, the man of hot Southern temperament, reared in the luxuries of this world, his every wish gratified, no one daring to dispute his power, stood as a panther at bay. In a tent, especially built and equipped for an operating room and laboratory, seated at a small table, was this soldier of medical science; and the distressing incidents, leading up to the present time, changed this man's very being. The teachings of his early youth had no influence over him at this time, and, with these words, "He must die!" he prepared a drug to be administered to Henderson, in the guise of medicine. "This is the last medicine he shall take, for, when he sleeps, it will be his last." And fate, as if playing to the will of the gods of fate, Freda entered.

"Surgeon, Henderson has returned, and I fear he has overtaxed his strength. Will you go to him?"

"Freda," spoke Fairfax, reaching for his hat, "You'll find Henderson's medicine all prepared; give it to him when you think he needs it. I am in a hurry; I have some important duties to perform." As if sentenced by his conscience for his dastardly act he left the tent.

With anxious steps Freda returned to the hospital proper, and there, seated on his cot, was Henderson. Noticing symptoms of nervousness, brought about,

as she thought, by overtaxing his strength, she again returned to the laboratory, procured the medicine prepared by the Surgeon, and returned to administer it to her hero patient.

"Here, Sergeant, take this; then you will rest."

As if receiving a command from his superior Henderson took the fatal drug. The effect was instantaneous, and with a languid yawn he fell back on his cot. Freda, believing that she had administered only a mild opiate, prepared him that he might rest comfortably, and returned to her various duties.

Fairfax little dreamed, when he prepared that drug, that Providence had ordained that its effect would not be as far reaching as destined by him, and that its victim was a man of indomitable, physical and mental construction, and so, instead of being in a state of coma, awaiting the slow exhausting vitality of this black hero, it had the opposite effect, and we find the Sergeant delirious. Having rushed from the tent, running toward the headquarters of General Funston as if making a charge at the enemy, he shouted, at the top of his voice,"Charge! I say, back! Back, you dogs! You shall not take her from me. I love her! I love her!"

The General, having been notified of Henderson's queer actions, met him at the entrance of his headquarters. Henderson, like a wild man, fell exhausted at the General's feet. By the aid of loving comrades he was assisted back to the hospital. General Funston gave orders that Henderson should be returned to his home in Richmond, and preparations were made for his speedy departure.

After several engagements with the Spaniards, in which much heroism was displayed, the famous sea battle off Santiago Harbor, and many minor incidents, brought the victorious invasion of the United States troops to a successful close. So we

find them leaving the distressing scenes the latter part of fall, 1898; some to their homes, others to various places where they were assigned. It was at this time that we find Fairfax and his sister returning to their home in Washington. He, with the conscious dread for the guilty crime committed; she, with the anxious foreboding as to the fate of her ideal man.

CHAPTER III

All this the world knows well; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

—*Shakespeare.*

Ten thousand miles from our last scenes of military activities, a semi-civilized country where barbarism and idolatry reigned, a tropical climate, unexplored, inhabited by a race short in stature, a mixture of Mongolian, Spanish and Malay, we find ourselves, through conquest of war, possessors. Not far away is the beautiful country of Japan, with its picturesque rivers, temperate climate, and a small, but progressive race. In the harbor of Nagasaki, Japan, we find the United States transport, "Warren," resting at anchor. On board are troops assigned for duty in the Philippines. The harbor is bedecked with vessels belonging to the Japanese Navy, all in holiday attire. The welcome accorded the arrival of the "Warren" by this little brown-raced country was very cordial, and the reception tendered the officers was of the highest social and military courtesy. The reciprocal exchanges, lasting for a short period, gave new vigor to the fighting craft, whose destiny was Manila in the Philippine Islands. Shortly after, upon arrival, in the early fall of 1900, the regiments were assigned to the departments of Southern Luzon. The several detachments were distributed to different points; some to Pasacao; others to the Bay of Miguel; others at Nueva Caceres and Legaspi. With horses and rations ashore, the regiment made preparations for an active campaign, and we find our heroes once more in a hostile country, making preparations for the establishing of sovereignty by the United States.

The Philippines, being one of the many Spanish possessions, was allowed, for centuries, to map out its own destiny. There we find an uncultivated country populated by an illiterate race. The progress made by the Japanese and the Missionaries had little or no effect upon it, and the country was under the control of bandits, who existed by capturing the wealthy and holding them for ransom. Here lived Aguinaldo, who had gathered about him the most crafty of his race, and whose power was never disputed. It was this bandit chieftain that the United States had to contend with, and the aggressive campaign to be waged was to be of relentless character.

For years the guerrilla warfare between Spain and this bandit chieftain was a source of much anxiety to the sovereignty of Spain. The progress of this conflict cost many lives, with no result attained. The rich rubber forest was an incentive revenue for grafting filibusters, which netted them sufficient income for their adventurous conquest. Manila, the capital, situated at the head of Manila Bay, the headquarters of the army, was a very enterprising city. It was here, at this place, where Admiral Dewey made history by entering over the mines laid by the Spaniards. It was here where he received the distinction by Congress as being the greatest living Admiral. It is here, in this city, where the United States troops are stationed; where plots and counter-plots are being laid against the government and individuals; but we will go back to when we left the shores of Cuba.

At the close of hostilities between the United States and Spain the regiments remained under arms for orders. A protectorate, having been proclaimed by the United States over the islands, was all that was necessary at this period. The rebuilding, the re-establishing of commerce, and the removal of the troops, was the cleaning-up task

of the United States. Thus the departure of Surgeon Fairfax, accompanied by his foster sister, Freda, and Quito. The tender affection of Freda for Quito, and the thought that Quito would again be thrown upon her own resources, with no one to care for her, were the reasons given why Freda decided to bring her to Washington. Under the tutelage of Freda, Quito became quite proficient in English. Her loyalty to her mistress was unquestioned, and they were always seen together, seeming only to be happy when near each other. They confided in one another, and Freda enjoyed many pleasant moments with this unlettered girl, taking great delight instructing her as to modern customs. In exchange, she taught Freda Spanish, and they were often found together reviewing each other as to the progress made. They were discovered at one time by Surgeon Fairfax, down near a brook running through the estate, and the Surgeon, wishing to speak to Freda alone, commanded Quito to return to the house. It was here that her Spanish blood asserted itself and she retorted, "You hava no righta to maka me go away. Misa Freda go with me!"

The Surgeon was amazed and stepping forward attempted to administer a rebuke to the unfortunate Quito, but was restrained by Freda, saying, "Surgeon Fairfax, no gentleman ever strikes a lady," and, taking Quito by the hand, she started for the house."

"One moment, Freda, I have something to say to you."

"You will pardon me, Surgeon, you may see me this evening," and with a haughty mien, as if hurt by the Surgeon's act, she returned to the house.

Here were the lives of two unfortunates. One blest with wealth, but unhappy; the other ignorant of the ways of the world, but blest by having a benefactress; and so, although unhappy, Freda

gleaned much pleasure by giving her life for the care of the unfortunate Quito. Arriving at the house, Quito was sent to her room, and Freda sought her foster mother, to map out the program for the following day.

The many organizations for the relief of the unfortunate, of which Mrs. Fairfax was prominently associated, gave Freda an opportunity to be a valuable assistant; she, with others, making garments for the poor, visiting the distressed, the penal institutions, and calling upon the sick.

One day, while on an errand of mercy, she was called upon to visit an old colored lady, who was known throughout the neighborhood in which she lived as Aunt Maria. This eccentric old lady had supported herself by telling fortunes, but in later years her active mind became impaired by age, and she lost manyof her patrons. It was said that during her palmiest days she could relate the past and foretell the future of any one who crossed her hand with silver, as they termed pay. Being well known, the charitably-loving citizens cared for her in her cottage, instead of having her removed to a charitable institution. It was here, that, when Freda entered, she was greeted with "Sit down, Freda, I knew you'd be here."

Astounded by being called by her name, Freda replied, "How did you know my name?"

"Oh, I know your mother; I know your father." Then, lapsing into silence, she held out her hand.

Freda, knowing the eccentric character of Aunt Maria, opened her purse and placed in her hand a silver piece. Deep silence and a penetrating glance caused Freda to feel very anxious, and she wondered what could the old woman know about her? Could she really read from her eyes the history of her heritage? With these perplexing thoughts she sat waiting for Aunt Maria to proceed. Still holding Freda's hand in a firm grasp, she said, "You were

born not far from Richmond, on a beautiful farm. Your father died when you were quite young. Your mother awaits your coming; she has disowned you and is held by a great power. Her lips are sealed, but some day the power that holds them will be broken, and you will be happy." With a satanic laugh she released her hand.

Freda, knowing the weakness of Aunt Maria's mind, thought nothing more of the incident, and having a basket of provisions to deliver, she arose, and, to please the old lady, she put her arms around her saying, "Good-by, Aunt Maria, I will come to see you again."

But there was no smile on the old lady's face, and a penetrating look seemed to awe Freda as she left the little home. But, once without, her genial manner returned, and she felt that she had done one more commendable act in administering to the worthy poor.

"Take me home, James," was the order given her coachman, and very shortly she was entering the magnificent estate of Rosewood.

"You must be tired, my dear. Where have you been and what have you done?" was the greeting of Mrs. Fairfax.

"Oh, mother, I met the funniest old colored lady who could tell fortunes. She told mine, and the many things she said! I'm going to see her again; you'll go with me, won't you? I can't tell all now; I'm a little tired and hungry," and, laughing like a careless child, she kissed her foster mother and rushed to her own room. She was soon joined by Quito, who was to prepare her mistress for dinner, and, with the words "What will you wear?" she began to disarrange her mistress's hair.

Seated around a beautiful dining table, that evening, was the happy Fairfax family. Mrs. Fairfax, just passed the prime of womanhood, was tall and majestic. One, looking upon that

aristocratic countenance, would liken her unto the queen rose, with every petal unfurled, all of which added to its grace and beauty. Seated at her right was the pride and heir to the Fairfax fortunes, whose deep, black eyes displayed the strong Southern temperament inherited from his father. In contrast, on the left is Freda, whose childlike, innocent expression seemed to have power to allay fear, yet endowed with strong force of determination. A sumptuous repast was being served and enjoyed, and the world seemed to be at peace with all mankind. Each one seemed to be involved in his or her own thoughts, as if awaiting the attack of the other.

The Surgeon, realizing his hasty act during the afternoon, sat waiting for a word from Freda.

Mrs. Fairfax, noticing the calmness between the two, seemed at a loss as to how to break the monotony, until she, at last, pleasantly remarked, "Well, is this a mum party?"

Freda, not wishing her mother to know of the unpleasantness, laughingly replied, "I was just thinking of the fortune teller"; after which she again related her experience.

The effect was marvelous, and that sombre party, of a few moments ago, are convulsed with laughter. After the last course was served the party retired to the library; Mrs. Fairfax saying pleasantly, "Surgeon, you may smoke if you join us. I have some plans to discuss with you and Freda. What do you say to a grand ball in honor of your past achievements?"

After many exchanges of views, of which Freda took little or no part, the affair was settled, and Rosewood again extended to the social world the congenial hospitality it was so well noted for.

Mechanical genius, coupled with the natural beauty of Rosewood, made a picture rivaling the splendor of the Arabian Nights on the occasion

of the grand ball given in honor of Surgeon Fairfax. The massive ball room with its mirrored floor, the conservatory with its rare plants and flowers, the extensive lawn with its many nooks and by-ways, where little tete-a-tetes could be enjoyed, made Rosewood an improvised Garden of Eden. Everything that wealth afforded was brought to bear to keep from this ball any approach of sorrow. The Foreign Embassy, the glittering uniforms of the American Army and Navy, and the gorgeous costumes worn by the Eastern Potentates, added lustre to the superb decorations. Mrs. Fairfax, attired in a Worth creation, nobly bore her position as hostess. Freda, in a very rich, but simple, gown was the center of attraction. Surgeon Fairfax came in for his share of attention by designing young matrons; while many retired widowers and bachelors, past middle age, gave an interesting glance at the hostess. Under the exhilarating influence of the inspiring strains of the musicians, hid from view by huge palms, the dancers flitted in and out.

Count Schenzi, of the Spanish legation, was very ardent in his attentions to Freda, and she seemed to encourage him. Coquettishly taking his arm she led him to the conservatory. The Surgeon, noticing the flattering attention of the Count, seemed a little piqued, but made no comment. It was evident that he was ill at ease. The Count, finding Freda well versed in Spanish, was deeply interested.

"Where did you learn my language?" he asked, in his native tongue. "I would have thought you were born in Spain."

"I have a Spanish teacher, whom I dearly love, and I will soon be able to speak as well as you, Count."

The Count, taking Freda's shapely hand in his, looked deep into her eyes, and said, "Miss Waters,

ever since I first saw you I admired you, and I have only awaited this opportunity to tell you that I love you. I would deem it a rare privilege to return to my country with you as my bride."

Noticing the pallor depicted on that innocent face, he released her hand. Then her self-control returned and, rising, she said in a soft voice, "Count Schenzi, I have known you so little; I am sorry that any act of mine influenced you to make the declaration you have. There are many more interesting girls than I, and it is my wish that one so noble in birth may find one equal to grace the honored position as Countess. Not one word more," as he was about to speak. "You will take me to the ballroom," and, as if leading a tamed animal, without one word passing between them, Freda returned on the arm of the Count. At the entrance of the ball room she was met by the Surgeon, who claimed her for a dance, and she was soon a part of the gay throng.

It was shortly after midnight that this gathering began to disperse, and three tired souls, glad of the social distinction achieved and to be alone once more, rested.

It was on the following day that a new phase in Freda's life was to be encountered; for it was while she stood looking out of the window of the library, deep with her own thoughts, that she was approached by the Surgeon. Taking her by the hand, he drew her to the big leather chair, and with a motion of his hand bade her be seated. Then, standing close to her, and in a strong, persuasive voice said, "Freda, my mother is getting old, and she is all that is near and dear to us. You remember when but a young girl you were brought to us by my dear father, as a playmate for me. You recall our childhood days; romping over the hills and galloping over the plains. Those days were the brightest days of my youth. After you became a young

lady you were sent abroad to finish your education. Skilled in music and art you returned to us to brighten our home. You went away a bright sunshine; you returned a crushed flower. Instead of being full of life and joy, you cared very little for the social world. At your own sweet will you laid aside those talents that would make you the most admired of all women, to enter the field of useful labor. I'm not censuring you; that is far beyond my thoughts, and my sole reason for speaking to you now is to tell you what I have told you before, 'I love you.' If you refuse me it will break my mother's heart. It is her life's ambition. I have everything to offer you—wealth and position. Tell me that you will be my wife!" and then, as if his request was granted, he attempted to take her into his arms.

But Freda, like a frightened deer brought to bay, gained her feet, and standing erect, she raised a restraining hand, and in a clear voice replied, "Surgeon, it is far too true that I owe all to you and your dear mother for what I am to-day; the care and education I received, through the kindness of her heart, I am extremely grateful for. Why did your father bring me here? Who am I? Why do I exist in this hall of mystery?' I see, I live, I love; not in the world of life and happiness, but to soothe the wounds of the unfortunate I give my all. It is true that you have asked me to be your wife many times before, and, as I owe a debt of gratitude to you and your mother, I now promise to become your wife—on one condition—that when the mystery of my parentage is clear, and you think then as you do now, I give this frail life in payment for the blessings I have enjoyed in my youth. Now, Surgeon, your plea is accepted. Leave me! Leave me! I want to be alone."

Surgeon Fairfax stood for a moment as one awed, then bowing gallantly, as if being satisfied with the progress made, he left the room.

Once alone Freda gave way to her sentimental nature and burst into a flood of tears. Quito, in search of her mistress, found her weeping as if her heart would break. Knowing that something unusual had occurred, she gently raised her mistress, and placing her tender arms around the slight form, she was led to her room.

Surgeon Fairfax went straight to his mother's apartments to tell her the joyful news.

"God bless you, my son! God bless you both!" and that mother's heart went out to her boy whose every wish was her prayer. The world seemed full of joy for those two hearts, without a cloud to darken the future; but who can tell what will come to blight our lives and change our plans? Yet unseen Providence allows us to go on and on, catering to the dictates of our hearts, until we arrive just at the goal, and then exercising his superhuman power as to the success or failure of our well-set plans, makes his choice.

After a restless night, Freda awoke with the determination to live up to her hasty contract, and, with the sublime consciousness that she was paying a debt, she again looked the world squarely in the face with that utter regard for the happiness of others.

All without was joy. The birds were singing their carols to their mates, flitting from bough to bough, while the rippling stream danced over the rocks and pebbles. The trees bowed in supplication to the soft breezes that blew through their ponderous arms, and God's sun looked down and smiled, giving warmth to the earth, that all the subjects of Providence might be blessed.

CHAPTER IV

Is there a man, whose judgment clear
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career
Wild as the wave?
Here pause, and through the startling fear,
Survey this grave.

—*Burns.*

Seated on a charger, acknowledging the military salutation of subjects and friends, rode General Funston. Not far behind him came Pete astride his favorite horse, Titus. General Funston was a well-known figure in the Capitol City, and had gained the distinction of being one of the favorites of military society

Pennsylvania Avenue was lined with many military and civil folks and beautiful carriages were seen everywhere. The General, being a widower, it was hinted, among the knowing ones, that his mission to Rosewood was not always to visit the Surgeon. He was a welcome guest at all times, and we find him, this beautiful afternoon, galloping toward the grand Fairfax estate.

Upon arrival, the General ordered Pete to take the horses to the stable, and there await his order. Pete seemed very pleased to accompany the General, as he, too, was anxious to pay an impromptu visit to one of the Fairfax household. After placing the horses in charge of the stable man, Pete decided on a course that would bring him near to the one whom he was so anxious to see. When General Funston was announced, Quito cast an anxious look into his face, as if to say, "Where's Pete?" and it is not strange to say that a way was found by these two to see each other.

Mrs. Fairfax greeted the General very cordially, saying she was very pleased that he called at this time. Taking the General by the arm, she led him to the library. He, noticing a gleam of pleasure pictured on that stately countenance, gave himself credit for its appearance there.

"My dear Mrs. Fairfax, how beautiful you look to-day; I know you must have expected me, and I'm glad that I came. I have been thinking of you since our last meeting."

"Oh, General, I hope you won't allow me to charge you with flattery. Although I look upon you as my champion, yet I have something of importance to say to you. Freda has promised to be my son's wife; that is why I am so happy. Isn't it just grand? I know you will agree with me that it is a perfect match, and you will help us to arrange the plans for the wedding?"

"Accept my congratulations. I heartily agree with all you have said, and I'm sorry that you will be alone; therefore, I should think———"

"There, there, General; this is no time for frivolity. Let us talk of the future prospects of the bride and groom."

These two matured minds discussed the plans that would join a caged soul to a heartless keeper, little knowing the deep thoughts of the captive, or realizing the result of a loveless union.

In the orchard, down by the brook, away from the shadow of the mansion, were Quito and Pete, forgetting the cares of their mistress and master, wandering aimlessly from place to place. Seated on a rustic bench in one of the arbors, they were startled by the sound of "Pete! Pete!" and, looking up, they saw the form of a military man. They readily recognized an old friend, and as Henderson stepped forward, grasping both their hands in his, they were at a loss as what to say or do.

"Don't be frightened, my friends, I'll tell you why I'm here. I came onto the grounds by the river bank, and, seeing you, I knew I was safe; so I waited this opportunity to give you this little surprise. You well know that no one knows I'm here, and no one will know, if you have to tell them. Is this not so?"

As if thoroughly understanding the exact meaning of his words, Pete grasped the hand of his soldier friend and said, "Sergeant, no one saw you come in; no one will see you go out. I'm glad you came; I know Miss Freda will be glad to see you. Shall I tell her you are here?"

"No! You must not do that. It will spoil my plans. I have a very important message for her, and must have an answer. I can trust you; that's why I came this way, so as to avoid any unpleasantness in meeting Miss Freda," and, drawing from his pocket, he placed into the hand of Pete a sealed letter, with these instructions: "Give this to no one but Miss Freda. Get a reply, and I will await your coming here. Will you do this for me?"

"Sergeant, I would give my life to serve you. You have been my friend, and I will do anything you may ask me." Taking the letter in his hand he bade the Sergeant to await his return, and, as if he were glad to do his friend a service, he started for the house.

Turning to Quito, Henderson bade her be seated. But realizing how long she had been absent from her mistress, she confidingly remarked, "No, Mr. Sergeant, I must go back. You know they misa Quito, and they all the time call— 'Quito, coma here! Quito, geta this! Quito, geta that! Where hava you been, Quito' So I musta go. You waita right here. Mr. Pete will coma back soon." And again grasping the hand of her soldier friend, she dashed toward the house.

She was none too soon for, on entering the rear door, she heard the front-door bell ring, and rushing to answer its call she admitted Colonel Roswell.

"Come right in, Colonel. Your friend is here, the General Funston." Soon the Colonel was one of the party.

"I knew you were here, General, for I saw your horses in the stable. Where is the Surgeon, my dear Madam? I came especially to pay him a call."

"He is in his private study. Shall I call him?"

"Oh, no, I will wait until he joins us."

"Colonel," said Mrs. Fairfax, "I'm very glad you came. I have a pleasant surprise in store for you, and you shall know all about it very shortly. I will serve refreshments to you gentlemen, if you permit me." Arising she touched the bell, which was answered by Quito.

"Serve the Colonel and General with refreshments," was her command, "and, by the way, Quito, tell the Surgeon that Colonel Roswell is here. Now, I'll claim you two gentlemen as my prisoners until the Surgeon arrives; perhaps he may have something to say to you."

When Quito returned with the refreshments the party was joined by the Surgeon.

"Welcome, friends, twice welcome, on this most auspicious occasion. I have a surprise in store for you; but first I must complete the details by procuring the principal in the affair. You will pardon my short absence."

After giving the usual salutation of his rank to his superior officers, and with a smile that denoted contentment and satisfaction, he went in search of Freda. He found her in the conservatory, surrounded by palms and rare flowers, gazing listlessly out upon the lawn. In her hand she held a crumpled missive, and, being taken unawares, was at a loss what to say; when, turning hastily around at the

approach of footsteps, she beheld the Surgeon, whom, a short time ago, she had given unto his keeping her future happiness.

"Are you looking for me?"

"I am, my dear. There are some dear friends here who wish to see you. I want to tell them of my happiness, and would like to have you at my side to receive the good will and congratulations."

As he was about to draw her into his arms for one fond embrace, she shrank from him, and, like a child playing tag, she ran laughing, to join the visitors, followed by the Surgeon.

Out in the shrubbery stood Henderson, having been joined by Pete, who said in a whispered voice, "I done it, Sergeant, and when I seen Surgeon Fairfax come where Miss Freda was, I had to scoot; but I gave her the note, and I know she read it, 'cause she seemed to feel glad. Now, you wait right here and I'll run back to the house; the General may want me. Make yourself miserable 'till I come back"—and away he went.

Again left alone, Sergeant Henderson took from his pocket a false beard, remarking to himself, "If any of the watchmen or gardeners should see me they will not know who I am." Little did he dream, while seated there alone with his own thoughts, that he was discovered.

There he sat, dreaming dreams of the impossible happiness, picturing in his mind far-off Cuba, a hospital tent, an angel face bending over his prostrate form, bathing his heated brow, whispering soft words of sympathy, imploring him to be brave. Will I see her again? Surely she would not let me go without saying a fond good-bye. This was all he asked and why he wrote these words: "My dear Miss Waters, I soon leave for the Philippines, and before going I want to again thank you for your past kindness to me. I have refrained from doing this rash act for some time. I know you will forgive

me for becoming a slave to my weakness; but there is one heart wish that I crave; I must see you and say good-bye before I go. I fear not death. I could die happy after seeing the woman whose soul has made a slave of me. Grant me this one wish. I will wait in the shrubbery for you or your answer. Devotedly yours, Henderson."

This was the missive entrusted to the care of Pete for its safe deliverance, and this important message was what she was reading when surprised by the Surgeon. This crumpled note was hidden in the folds of her dress, next to her heart. It was no wonder that she was perplexed as to what to do or say when ushered in where the guests were assembled, and she stood as though sentenced to be hung, awaiting the will of the executioner.

"Friends, Miss Freda Waters, the playmate of my youth, has consented to be my promised wife; I crave your blessings."

There she stood, in all the loveliness of her youth, yet with a dark, guilty conscience, accepting the good will of her friends.

"Let us drink to the health of the future Surgeon and Mrs. Fairfax" was the toast tendered by General Funston. Again and again the happiness of the pair was drank by the friends. Here the gods of happiness reigned; while near by, out in the shrubbery, a bitter personal encounter was being waged. Henderson, having been discovered by the gardener, attempted to hide. Passing in and out among the trees, closely followed by his pursuer, he was about to make his escape, when fired on by the gardener. The shot attracted the attention of the mounted officers on the road, and they soon had Henderson under control. Being disguised he did not resist arrest.

"We found him hiding in the shrubbery" was the answer given to the inquiry of "What has he done?"

Henderson, believing that silence was golden, refused to state who he was or why he was there.

"We will take him to the house and let the family look him over; they can make the charge."

Fitting the action to the word, Henderson was brought to the house. The little family gathering was ruthlessly interrupted.

"We found this man hiding in the shrubbery, preparing to break into your house," said the gardener, when the prisoner was led before the guests. "In calling upon him to surrender, he attempted to escape. I fired at him; closed in on him, and after a pretty hard struggle we brought him here." A look of consternation was pictured on the culprit's face, and, under that disguise, his guilt was quite apparent.

"Why should you harm us? Who are you?" Mrs. Fairfax asked. But before an answer could be returned, the Surgeon rushed toward Henderson as if about to do him bodily harm.

"Stop, Surgeon! Wait!" said General Funston. "Let me talk with the prisoner."

"This is no time to talk," replied the Surgeon. "This black dog secrets himself in the shrubbery of our home, there to wait the coming of darkness; to force himself into the house, to rob, and perhaps murder. He should be shot at once, and I'll see to it that Judge Lynch shall take full charge of this black villian."

Freda, regaining her composure, scanned the prisoner carefully for some sign of recognition, and, in her natural, quiet manner, she implored, "Forgive him, mother! He has done no harm. In honor of this day we shall forgive him."

General Funston, noticing the broad shoulders of this military man, said, "I will talk with him," and, going toward Henderson, he tore the mask from his face, and there stood a hero of numberless battles, dethroned and disgraced, branded as a

burglar. With a look of utter dejection, unable to say one word in his defence, he awaited the action of that impromptu court, accepting a decree of those judges..

With a superhuman effort Freda regained her self control. Inspired by that bitter personal hatred for Henderson, Surgeon Fairfax again attempted to draw his revolver. Colonel Roswell stepped between, and in a commanding voice said, "One moment, Fairfax, he may be a burglar and he may be guilty of an attempted crime, but the laws of the land must be respected; he must have a fair trial. Henderson, what does this mean?"

"It means that I have been drinking and without funds, and wanted money. I am guilty of all you say. Come officers, do your duty and take me away."

As the officers were about to leave with the prisoner Freda rushed toward her mother, throwing herself at her feet, "Mrs. Fairfax, when a child I was brought to you and from then I have known no other love but yours. All that I have received you gave me; all that I have is yours; I am your slave, body and soul. There is no wish that I ever craved that you, in the kindness of your heart, ever refused, and I have never asked for anything, only that which my heart craved. I now pray to you the prayer that we will make before the judgment seat of Him who will judge us as we have judged those who have sinned against us to release this man, and you will be granting me the wish of my life."

Before she could be restrained Freda fell fainting at the feet of Mrs. Fairfax. Rushing to her side, Colonel Roswell tenderly raised the fainting girl, and giving her into the care of Quito, who assisted her mistress to her room, he turned sharply to the Surgeon, and, in a soft but commanding tone, said, "Surgeon Fairfax, this man whom you accuse, is

not the man who would commit a crime, and when I look back to the time when I was surrounded by the enemy and my comrades were shot from my side, there I saw, out from the smoke of battle, this man fighting his way towards me. When hope seemed almost gone, I saw the whiteness of his teeth and heard his strong, brave voice cry, 'Hold your own, Colonel, we're coming.' They came, and that day will never be forgotten. I trust that, in the memory of those days, you will forgive and release him. Henderson, I am sorry, and I shall personally see that mercy is shown you, though you may be guilty."

Fairfax, about to lose an opportunity for revenge, with his hot Southern blood boiling to a fever pitch, shouted, "It shall not be! I, the master of this house, command that this self-confessed criminal be punished. He did not deny it; why should mercy be shown? He is guilty, and I shall see to it that he'll never cross my path again"; and, with a wave of command, Henderson was taken away.

Thus the gods of fate played their all-important role to blight the lives of those who so short a time ago were blessed by the gods of love.

CHAPTER V

A mind that's truly brave
Stands despising
Storms arising,
And can't be made a slave.

In the District of Columbia criminal cases are handled by agents of the National Government. The proceedings and the course pursued by the prosecutor are, in a measure, the same as used by the prosecutor of the states or counties. The charge of burglary made against a United States soldier, one whose past military record had brought him prominently before the higher officials of the government, was most unusual. The newspapers, in glaring headlines, described the crime, and from a prejudicial viewpoint, laid great stress on the confession made by the culprit. The day of the trial brought to court men of every race, creed, and position.

Henderson, declining all legal aid, places his friends, Colonel Roswell and General Funston, in an embarrassing position. He had declined all proffered offers of assistance, saying, "They caught me with the goods! Why should I squeal? I will take my medicine like a man." And, within the silence of his own melancholy thoughts, he was proud to think he was making a sacrifice that would protect the fair and untarnished name of the woman who was all and all to him. He would willingly suffer the ignominy of his own future that no harm might befall her. Thus we see that the position of his friends, who would give their lives for his freedom, was most arduous. When visited in his cell by Colonel Roswell, Henderson feigned illness,

that he would not be subjected to examination by his friend, which might lead him to miscarry his own set plan.

"Henderson, a word with you! You must tell me the truth! You are charged with a grave felony, and you are an honored member of the military family of this great country. If you go down into disgrace, you'll blemish the character of your comrades; you will darken the prospects of your race, and bring sorrow and pain to those who love and honor you. I know, and you know, that you are not guilty. It is your duty, no matter whom you wound, to tell the truth."

"Colonel, I thank you. You have known me for some time, but you only knew the good that was in me, nothing more. I have confessed; what more is there to do? The law must take its course. You have been kind to me and I appreciate your noble sacrifice. I am decided upon the course which I will take, and I will not change. I trust you will think kindly of me for what I once was, and not what I am to-day."

Colonel Roswell, for the first time in his career as a soldier, lost his manly composure, and wept like a child; and, as he left that cell, he swore that in spite of all, Henderson would never serve one day for the offence charged against him.

* * * *

"Sergeant Henderson, to the bar!"

Silence reigned in that crowded court of justice. The heavy breathing of those seated was most oppressive. A tall, dark manly form was brought forth. As the clerk read the charge and the learned judge asked, "How does the prisoner plead?" Henderson, with a strong, manly voice, was about to speak when a young woman, dressed in black with a veil covering her beautiful face, arose, and, with both hands outward stretched toward the prisoner as if to mutely say, 'I will save you,' said:

"Stop! This must not be!" and, as if carried away by the excitement of the moment, she swooned.

Tender hands assisted her to the anteroom of the court, and, when order was again restored, there was a hurried consultation between attorneys on both sides and Colonel Roswell. At its conclusion the prosecutor for the government arose and addressed the court saying, "Judge, your honor! We ask that the proceedings in this case be postponed for future investigation. There are some perplexing facts to be brought out, and I ask you to adjourn these proceedings, and the prisoner admitted to bail."

Thus we find, even though we sometimes are willing to make grave sacrifices for others, right will triumph over might. Henderson was released under bonds, reported to his commander, and it was not very long before he was enroute with his regiment to new fields of military activity.

The outburst of Freda in the crowded court room was credited to her sentimental nature, and it was said that she could not even bear to think that misfortune would come to any one. Fairfax, chagrined at the unexpected ending, philosophically accepted fate's decree. Roswell, elated at the outcome, knowing full well the innocence of Henderson, and the scandal averted, congratulated himself upon the success.

There was not a word spoken between Freda, Surgeon Fairfax, and Mrs. Fairfax on their return from the trial, and as the big touring car drew near the gates of Rosewood, only the sudden stopping of the machine aroused them from their reverie. After assisting Freda to alight the Surgeon seemed lost within his own thoughts.

"Is it true that this woman, whom I love and who has promised to share my future, could be in a conspiracy with this black Othello? Could she be as Desdamona, who gave up wealth and social

position? No! It can not be! He has bewitched her and the power he has exercised over her can only be obliterated by death; for as long as he lives she will never cease to think of him." From that moment a determined resolution was made by Fairfax, strengthened by that deep Southern hatred, to remove, once and forever, the only barrier between him and the woman he loves.

After the evening meal Freda retired to her own apartments. Throwing herself prostrate upon her bed, gave way to her womanly impulses, and wept.

Mrs. Fairfax was perplexed, and said to her son: "I'm glad it is over. Why Henderson should come here in the manner in which he did is a mystery to me. My son, what do you think?"

Surgeon Fairfax decided to confide in his mother all he knew relative to Henderson and Freda. He recited to her the charge of the Ninth Cavalry on San Juan Hill, the rescue of Colonel Roswell, and the wounding of Henderson; the story told by Roswell of the bravery displayed by Henderson; how Freda, being in charge of Henderson, heard it all, and that they were often seen together after he was able to be about.

This story was a revelation to Mrs. Fairfax, but, with a mother's deep love for Freda, she permitted herself not to think ill of her foster child, and laughingly remarked, "Oh, you great big baby! Could you be jealous of this impossible rival? You know that Freda loves you or she would never have promised to be your wife; so let's take an optimistic view of the situation and forget the disagreeable happenings of so short time ago. Come, my son! You can't afford to be morose. We must all be happy for our future is of the brightest possibilities."

But what had the future in store for this passionate lover? Who could foresee? Who could foretell the impending climax? Our future and our destiny are shaped by the guidance of Providence.

We have no alternative, only to accept the allotment granted us. We may plan and look forward to a time when we may achieve some great undertaking. In love, as well as in other pursuits, we are but an instrument in the hands of Him who controls the earth, the sky, and the seas. With His mighty power He controls the storms in its rage of destruction, saving those of His will. We know not why, and there is no appeal, only to accept the divine decree.

Having taken possession of the Philippines the United States issued a call for nurses, which was readily responded to by the Red Cross and many other societies. Freda was one of the first to answer the call, giving, as an excuse, that she would submit to the call of her heart in administering to the wounded. Finding entreaties of no avail Mrs. Fairfax, with a true motherly spirit, gave Freda her blessing, with this proviso—that Surgeon Fairfax would again resume his duties in the army that he could be near to shield his promised bride.

Abroad the transport "America," speeding ten thousand miles away from home and loved ones, to take up the arduous labors of doctor and nurse for the glory of the Stars and Stripes, were Freda and Sergeant Fairfax. Anxious hearts wished them "Bon Voyage," and prayed that God would care for and return them to those who loved them. It was a sad day when Mrs. Fairfax returned to Rosewood. What was wealth? What was social position? What was this world to her when all that she had was separated from her? But she was comforted by this thought that they would soon return with new laurels, and nothing then could take them away again. This noble woman, who had done so much for charity and assisted the unfortunate, sat and sighed when she thought of that passage of scripture which reads: "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children

unto the third and fourth generations of them that hate Me." These distressing thoughts made her ask herself this question: "Must I suffer the sins of my father?" She knelt and prayed that she would be one of the last verse which reads: "I will show mercy unto thousands of them that love Me and keep My commandments." These comforting thoughts had a tendency to reassure her that her life was of such that would bring reward only to the faithful.

Like a huge swan rode the transport "America" over the raging sea. She was one of the products of American genius, and majestically buffeted the angry waves in mute defiance. On board were hearts thrilled with patriotism, soldiers, and seamen; each man eager to reach the scene of action, so that he may add one more star to his individual crown. In company with those rough and determined sons of liberty were a number of soft, soothing hearts, whose interest was to bring a God-like influence over their companions, and to render aid in times when only the physical power gives way. It is then that all men look to the soft hand of a woman as a child looks to the caresses of its mother.

Among that number of living angels was Freda, clad in a delicate blue with an emblem of the Red Cross upon her arm. The "America," after a few days out from port, with her machinery working harmoniously and all well on board, seemed to be proud of her burden, and, coming proudly out from a few storms, rested quietly on the smooth sea. It seemed as if she was guided by an unseen hand and, although piloted by experienced and trained masters, the All-seeing Eye looked down and shaped the successful course.

To break the monotony of time, diverse sources of amusement were proposed, and among the many was a musicale to be given in the salon, and on the

program was the name of Freda, who had volunteered to render two vocal selections. After the evening meal, the band played the opening number, a medley comprising patriotic airs; concluding with "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." All present arose, joining in the chorus. Near the last, Miss Freda Waters was introduced, and she chose for her selection that old inspiring song, "Just a Song at Twilight," and in the course of its rendition, her thoughts seemed to leave those who surrounded her, to join with those who were far away, and when she came to the part of the song which says:

"Though my heart beat weary,
Sad the day and long."

a tear escaped from her eye, and she pictured a tall, dark military form standing in the shrubbery, awaiting a fond good bye.

The song ended, and amid deafening applause, she was asked to sing again. Awakening from her lethargy, and realizing that she was only an instrument of pleasure for those aboard, she responded, singing, "Coming Thro' the Rye." The lightness of the character of this vocal effort seemed to lift her heart from a load of depression. She was soon one of the happy throng and the center of attraction. Surgeon Fairfax seemed a little piqued at the attention shown her and, instead of feeling proud of her accomplishments, he sulked in an envious mood that brought forth much criticism and words of derision. "Why, the Surgeon's jealous! See how cross he looks! I feel sorry for the poor fellow!" and other taunting remarks were passed.

Freda, noticing the attitude of the Surgeon towards his comrades, went to him and looked tenderly into his eyes, saying, "Come, Surgeon, you may take me on deck, where I can enjoy the night's cooling breeze, and we will talk of home."

These words had a comforting effect. He gallantly gave Freda his arm, and they were soon strolling the companion deck.

After the program was completed, dancing was indulged in until the wee hours of the morning. Here we find, out on the boisterous billows, life in all its tending glory, beaming and smiling on hearts far from home, in the care of His infinite power. Quietness reigned supreme. Only those on watch were awake to guard against any possible harm that may arise; and the ship rolled on.

"Land A'Hoy!" was the welcome cry one pleasant morning, when, far out in the distant horizon, a dark, narrow strip was observed by the man on watch, as the bow of the "America" forged forward, seeming ever eager to decrease the longitude that would bring her nearer to port. The pleasure that had surmounted many faces gave way to one of serious thoughts of what the future would bring forth. Orders were given by the officers in charge to prepare for landing, and soon this craft, bearing the sons and daughters of liberty, was at anchor.

The welcome demonstration to the "America" by the seacraft lying in harbor gave a new impetus to the ambition of those on board. The shrieks of the smaller craft, and the booming of cannon of the old sea-fighters, seemed to say to the "America," "We are glad that you have come." Soon tug boats and lighters ran alongside and the task of unloading was begun. A launch, bearing the crest U. S. N. was one of the first to reach the transport. Important cablegrams and cipher messages were given to the commanders and officers. They contained orders from Washington as to the plans laid out by the commander of the army and navy. The health officers, giving a clean bill, permitted soldiers to leave ship. The nurses were taken ashore and proceeded to the legation at Manila. All seemed pleased to be again on terra

firma. But Oh, how different from home, and what work would be expected of this large family! It was but a short time when a separation was effected by the commander in charge. Detachments were sent hither to one place or another; some to guard the roads leading to the Capitol; others, the commissary, and some were sent on scouting expeditions. In the harbor of Manila lay several transports which had preceded the "America." On board of one of these was Sergeant Henderson, in company with his famous Ninth and Tenth Cavalries. He had been ashore for some time and knew nothing of the coming of his soul's ideal and his arch enemy, Surgeon Fairfax. Will he never escape him? Will it bring him happiness to learn that, although he will soon see her, yet he will be hounded like a criminal. The memory of that fateful day clings ever to him. The note, the shrubbery, the discovery, the accusation, the trial and his release, were like a specter, ever ready to haunt his dreams and to appear at all times when life seemed bright. It is thus the will of fate, that no matter where we are, or where we go, its ever-powerful influences are keenly felt by us. How to escape we know not; only the power of faith brings us peace. In the seclusion of our thoughts, when night overshadows the earth, and we are alone with only our conscience, it is then we must bow our heads in earnest supplication to Him who makes all things right, that we may receive blessings for noble deeds and kind acts to all mankind.

* * * *

"Henderson, the transport "America" is in the harbor and among the many passengers are Surgeon Fairfax and his foster-sister, Freda." This was the surprising news that greeted Henderson when he returned to headquarters, by his commander-in-chief. A rush of blood to the temples, followed by rapid palpitating heart beats, took immediate

possession of the almost perfect physical man. Never before in his memory had this feeling of awe taken control of him. There was a presentment of grave forebodings. There are times in our lives, when apprised by an enemy, we are able to place ourselves on guard, as a panther crouches for an attack when suddenly confronted by an approaching foe. This intelligence, perceived by Henderson, had an opposite effect, and he knew not what to do, what to say, or how to act. The dictates of his heart craved for a meeting with Freda, but the knowledge in satisfying his heart's desire would only incite acts of hostile intent by the Surgeon. In open conflict he had no fear of him or any other man, but to harm him would wound her; so after the temporary feeling had worn off, he resolved, that from that moment he would cease to see her, thereby avoiding all unpleasantness. He looked his commander straight in the face, saying, "General, it is a pleasure to know that our friends will be near us again, but I trust our time will be short in these climes. While here you may assign me to foreign duty if you like; I would much prefer it."

The General honored Henderson, and the deep admiration he had for this black hero was of such that he would lay down his life to serve him. He thoroughly knew the situation and the innermost thought of the Sergeant. He pitied him, and firmly grasping his hand, he said, "Henderson, I am your friend, and I charge you to be on your guard at all times and to be guided solely by your conscience. I have no doubt as to your pure and good intentions, and I trust you will ever be able to do what is right in the sight of God and man. We have some unpleasant tasks to perform and I will need you. After receiving reports as to the whereabouts of the enemy we will begin to straighten things out here without much loss of life and time. You may return to your detachment and there await my orders."

It was during this period that scouting parties, returning to headquarters, reported the many bands of guerrillas, who menaced the lives of the outpost and committed numerous depredations against life and property. The destruction of these bands of marauders was a task to be attempted by General Funston and his men. Many wealthy men had disappeared and were being held for ransom. It was even unsafe for a young lady to be on the streets of Manila without being properly guarded. Numerous detachments had been sent against these cowardly assassins, but their knowledge of the country gave them ample protection. Many a brave soldier was shot from ambush without even a chance to fire in return. In the city of Manila, the capital, where the United States had chosen the headquarters for their army, was found, located at this place, a modernly-equipped hospital, with its corps of efficient nurses and doctors under the supervision of Surgeon Fairfax.

On one pleasant afternoon a gala fete, in honor of General Funston's birthday, was celebrated. Flags and bunting were draped on all buildings in honor of the occasion. The bands from the various warships lying in harbor were present. An extensive program was arranged, including daring horsemanship, a drill, rifle contest, wrestling, fencing, boxing, and many other athletic exercises for which suitable prizes would be awarded to the successful contestants. The hour arrived; the guests assembled; even the wounded were brought from the hospital in their invalid chairs. The drill presented a most spectacular sight. The difficult riding of the cavalry rivaled the feats of the Russian Cossacks. The Grecian-Roman bouts of wrestling demonstrated to the onlookers that there were men among them who had the brawn of the ancient gladiators. The boxing bouts were of the most spirited and scientific character. In all, the day was spent in a glorious burst of patriotic exhibitions.

Amid the glow and splendor and the pleasant exchanges of the day there were some who could not share the pleasures of their comrades. The men on guard at the outpost, the scouting parties, and the many detachments sent into the interior, took from that fete many brave men who could have proven their worth as aspiring athletes. Among that number that had other duties to perform was Sergeant Henderson, who was in charge of a detachment to round up the marauding guerrillas. He had been gone for some time and no word had been received from him. A feeling of apprehension for his safety was felt by his commanders. After the day was well spent in pleasures befitting the occasion, a grand ball at the legation being the climax, and which was in the height of gaiety, Henderson returned. A hurried consultation between him and the General of the condition of affairs was held, and a new plan of action was inaugurated. At this time soldiers brought to the hospital a wounded comrade. While bending over him they heard him say, "Send help at once! A band of Filipino bandits have captured some of our men." Before further information could be gotten from this wounded soldier he lapsed into unconsciousness.

"Henderson," said the General, "I must have reliable and trustworthy men to go in pursuit of those devils. Will you accept this commission? It is beset with many dangers and requires a cool and level head. Select from your number only those whom you can rely upon in the face of danger. When will you start?"

"At once," replied Henderson.

Nearby, unnoticed and unobserved, stood Surgeon Fairfax. They little dreamed that this man who had sworn to be true to his flag and country would plot the destruction of a brave comrade. The feeling of hatred was so great that the desecration of the honor of his country was a small matter to

him. After the conference the General returned to the revelers, and the legation was soon deserted.

When all was quiet and the city asleep, forms of five men were seen in the dim moonlight, skulking in and about the legation. Anyone familiar with those forms could readily see that they belonged to a band that meant no good to those sleeping citizens. There was one who did see them. Surgeon Fairfax saw them while on an unfriendly mission, and he soon recognized the leader whom he well knew. Fairfax, alert, followed the leader, who was none other than Pinto. After several detours, Fairfax came upon him. Pinto, feeling secure that he was unrecognized, was about to pass when a rough hand was placed on his shoulder, and he found himself looking into the muzzle of a revolver held by Fairfax.

"Throw up your hands, Pinto! I know you. What are you here for? You are here for no good purpose. How did you manage to evade the outpost? Speak low; for if you make one cry I will send a bullet crashing through your brain."

Pinto, surprised, stood as commanded. "Me mean no harm."

"You lie! Now listen! I know who you are. I know what you have come to do. You have come here to rob the legation and, perhaps, murder. Come with me; I have something to say to you."

And keeping his captive under cover he marched him to a secluded spot. Far away from the sounds of any of the guards, he lowered his revolver and said: "Pinto, I have a job on hand, and if you help me I will help you. There is a man whom I want to put out of the way. If you will do this I will let you go and give you one thousand dollars after you have done this work."

"Me do it, Surgeon," said Pinto.

"There are soldiers sent to bring you in, and they have gone down by the four forks. You will find them at the bridge. They are in charge of a

man named Henderson. Now, if you will guide me to the place, one thousand dollars is yours. Will you do it? He has an hour's start of us, but as you know the road, we can overtake him."

"Me do it! Me do it!

In the gleam of the moonlight these two arch conspirators bonded themselves for the death of an innocent hero, whose whole thought was to do his duty for the glory of his country. Pinto was allowed to go and give orders to his companions, and in a little while two figures were seen stealthily evading the guards, and were soon out on the highroads.

Henderson, with a small detachment of men, after reaching the four forks, gave orders to separate; each man taking a different course, while he, himself, stood near the bridge. In the stillness of the night this brave Othello stood there; his thoughts seemed to drift back to many incidents of his past life, and in that far-off wilds he saw a face that smiled, inspiring him with confidence to do his duty as his conscience directed. He pictured a hospital tent and a sleeping woman, resting in repose after a strenuous day, dreaming of nothing but her duty toward mankind. In the deep stillness of the night he prayed to God that no harm would befall her. While thus employed with his thoughts he heard a sound, and before he realized, he stood face to face with Surgeon Fairfax, disguised as a Filipino. They sprang at each other, and were soon in a deathlike struggle. Taken unawares, Henderson was unable to draw his revolver. Fairfax attempted to pierce Henderson with his sword, but discovered that it was no easy task. He was soon joined by another, whom he recognized as Pinto. Henderson, being of an athletic build, was almost a match for both of them, and after wrenching the sword from Fairfax's hand, he was able to draw his revolver and fire. The shot was heard by some of the men, and fearing capture they escaped.

Before accompanying Pinto on his dangerous mission, Fairfax assumed a disguise, which in his mind would assist him in carrying out his nefarious project. After his escape from Henderson he was forced to leave his sword behind. He little thought Henderson recognized him, but the knowledge that Henderson had his sword with his name engraved upon the blade, gave him foreboding thoughts of impending danger. How to establish an alibi he did not know. After arriving at the legation, he returned to his apartments, and from all appearances was Surgeon Fairfax again.

Henderson, being joined by his comrades, who, hearing the report, gave orders for a courier to return to the legation. He fully recognized his assailant as Freda's foster brother; then, looking at the sword, his suspicions were confirmed.

"What shall I do? If I denounce this man as a traitor, it will break her heart. To remain silent is a gross neglect of duty. The General shall know!"

With this determined thought he, too, returned to the legation. Having been preceded by the courier, who, in a measure, exaggerated the facts as to the encounter, when Henderson arrived he was met by the General and other members of the staff.

Freda, hearing of the skirmish in which Henderson was personally engaged, was the first to greet him with, "Are you hurt?"

The General heard the report of Henderson, in which he told of his meeting with Pinto. Henderson, looking into the face of Freda, decided to remain silent as to his real assailant, and, turning, said, "General, there is a traitor among us. You shall know who it is later; but before he answers to Uncle Sam, I swear by the gods, he shall answer to me."

CHAPTER VI

From the dark ages of the night!
Men of brawn, men of might,
Come hence to fight for right.

—*Gilmore*

At the mouth of the James River, in the State of Virginia, in the year 1619, a strange vessel dropped anchor opposite the little settlement of Jamestown. This ship carried twenty negro slaves and was the first slave ship to enter these shores; but history tells us that prior to this time slaves were sent to the West Indies as early as 1501. From the beginning, the advent of negroes into the United States as slaves, and their natural physical power, made them valuable assets to their masters to do hard work and suffer hardships. These qualities would naturally make him fit, if properly trained, to be a good soldier.

Negro soldiers have fought in every war and have, at all times, proved their worth. In the War of 1812, they were conspicuous in the battles of New Orleans and Lake Erie. No race ever fought more earnestly to gain its freedom than in the Civil conflict. In the Revolutionary War the negro soldier did not fight, side by side, with his brother, but was scattered among the white soldiers, and at that time, history tells us, his sacrificing love for his comrades brought him into favor with his commander. It is well known that the first blow for freedom in the Revolutionary War was struck by Crispus Attucks, on the Boston Commons, and, as the first blow for freedom was from a negro, from that time natural love for country and home grew. From the War of Rebellion, April 12, 1863, the 54th Massachusetts Volunteers was raised and

recruited for service. They comprised the free negro from the Northern States. The first engagement in which the colored soldiers took part was the assault on Fort Hudson, La., May 27, 1863, made by the troops under General Banks. Although suffering heavy losses they fought with bulldog tenacity and determination.

The assault on Fort Wagner by the 54th, the battle of Honey Hill, and other numerous engagements, taxed the true worth of these brave men. It was in the assault at Fort Wagner when General Shaw fell dead at the head of the negro regiment, and there mingled some of the best blood of New England with that of these black men, whom he had volunteered to lead in the fight for the freedom of their race. It was in the same battle that Sergeant William Carney of the 54th Massachusetts, though wounded in the head, shoulder, and in both legs, carried the national flag of his regiment across the open field, which separated him from safety, where he handed it over with these words, which made him famous, "Dey got me, boys, but de old flag neber touched de ground!"

In the campaign, which resulted in the fall of Richmond, June 15, 1864, colored troops captured seven guns in front of Pittsburg, and on July 30th, they took part in the disastrous attack at the "Crater," in which four thousand men were wounded, lost, or captured in the fruitless and hopeless assault. When General Weitzel took possession of Richmond on April 3, 1865, he was commander of a corp made up entirely of negro soldiers. It was a negro soldier who hauled down the Confederate flag, and it was negro soldiers who assisted in quenching the fires which had been started when the Confederates evacuated the city, thus saving the helpless citizens, who were left behind, much loss and suffering.

This illustrates to what extent the colored troops were called upon to maintain order in the confusion and anarchy which reigned at this time in the capital of the Confederacy. Two years before the same General Weitzel, who was in command of the negro troops and who at this time took possession of Richmond, wrote to General Butler to be relieved of his command in Louisiana, because, as he said, he could not command negro regiments.

The services which the negro troops performed in the Civil War, fighting for the freedom of their race, not only convinced the officers, who fought by their side, that the race deserved to be free, but it served to convince the great mass of people in the North that the negroes were fit for freedom. It did, perhaps, more than any other one thing to gain for them, as a result of the war, the passage of those amendments to the constitution which secured for the colored race the same rights in the United States that are granted to white men.

THE TROOPERS OF THE NINTH U. S. CAVALRY

Bards have told the ancient story how Horatio held the gate
And preserved the Roman city as her chronicles relate.
Men have wondered at the gallant charge of England's Light Brigade,
On Balaklava's bloody height, by Tennyson portrayed;
But I will tell you of as brave a deed, a grander, nobler sight,
Than Rome or Balaklava saw, a deed of courage bright,
The halo of whose glory adds new luster to the charms
That gild the World of Chivalry with valiant feats of arms.

On Colorado's distant plains a small but gallant band
Beleagured round by savages, had made a desperate stand.
Outnumbered by four to one they bravely made dispute
With those Cossacks of the Western World, the wily, vengeful Ute;
And though comrades fell around them to be numbered with the slain,
And others writhed in agony upon the sodden plain,
Yet the living never faltered, but with cheer and rifle crack
Boldly flung the foe defiance o'er death's beaten, bloody track.
Small hope had they of succor, sure relief was far away,
While between them and assistance scores on scores of foemen lay.

They were hedged about on every side. Pent up in dread corral
Of savage hearts implacable as demons hot from hell.
But yet though belted round with death, their hearts were undismayed,
Though breathed upon by fiery breath no soldier's cheek betrayed
The fear that makes men cowards, but like Sparta's deathless band,
Each won a name and linked with fame the honor of his land.

Full three score leagues and ten away from war's red slaughter pen,
With Dodge and Hughes of Saxon blood are eight and thirty men;
Aye, men, as you shall truly own, though on each dusky face
The God of Nature has affixed the seal of Afric's race.
And men whose deeds shall live in song, whose story shall be told

To generations yet to come, and be inscribed in gold
Upon the page of history, to show how Saxon daring
Once captured fame with Sons of Ham the great achievement sharing.

The men are loitering about as soldiers do in camp,
While up and down along their beats the watchful sentries tramp,
The horses picketed close by, the blankets all outspread,
The tents and wagons, and the sky, serene and blue o'erhead,
Make such a scene as painters love, a scene—"Halt, who comes there?"
Rings out the challenge clear and sharp upon the crispy air.
"A friend." "Advance!" and at the word rides rapidly in view
A haggard form who quick dismounts within the ranks of blue.
"Your Captain!" "I am here," said Dodge. "What message do you bring?"
A word—enough—blow trumpets and make the echoes ring.
Our comrades are surrounded, but, though foes are ten to one,
We'll ride them through or die like men, ere sets tomorrow's sun.

Then sounded "Boots and Saddles," and the troopers gathered round.
A moment more and every form was lifted from the ground,
And upon their good steeds seated all were galloping away
To the place where danger threatened and their comrades were at bay.
Those eight and thirty troopers, with their leaders, true and tried,

Abandoning their baggage, wagons, tents and everything
But their carbines and their sabers, and like birds upon the wing,
From the golden light of morning until sunset's latest glow
Sailing swiftly o'er the prairie with their faces to the foe;
Sailing swiftly on and steadily to reach the distant goal,
With their hearts as true to duty as the needle to the pole.

Morning came, and when the sun began to build his golden bridge
O'er the mountain tops and valleys, there looked down from lofty ridge
Forty horsemen who had ridden all the livelong night in fear
Lest they saw not on their coming what their vision made appear.
Below them in the valley lay a scene to make men quail—
A handful of their comrades, stormed upon by leaden hail,
While from rocky bluff and canyon to the valley's velvet turf
Lay the shattered wrecks of heroes cast ashore by bloody surf.

"Sound a call upon your bugle," then said Dodge, and at the word
The trumpeter gave a blast that sleeping echoes stirred;
And merrily the music swelled and floated far away,
Bearing hope into the valley where the leaguered blue coats lay;
Who, gazing eagerly aloft, first caught the brilliant gleaming

Of weapon bright, and then beheld the troopers
Guidon streaming.
Then cheerily they answered back a joyful, hopeful
greeting,
And bugle spoke to bugle, echoes clear the sounds
repeating.
The heavens looked in wonder at the signal bugle
call—
Down rushed a living avalanche, while ring and pop
of ball
And foemen's shouts and cries of pain resounded
on the air,
As the horsemen rode to glory through death's
intervening lair,
As they cleft the savage phalanx, like a mighty
wedge of steel,
Leaving here and there a fragment crushed by valor's
iron heel.

Then the heroes in the valley saw a gallant deed
well done;
Then the troopers of prairie fame immortal honors
won.
On that ride from hill to valley not a trooper held
his seat,
For of all their forty chargers never one had kept
his feet,
But had fallen 'neath the leaden blast that swept
the fearful path
Leading down from the summit through the dwelling
place of wrath.
Yet the God who rules the tempest warded off each
fated stroke
Till within the frail intrenchment they had planted
sure relief,
Building bulwarks of their bodies until succor came
in chief.

Twine a wreath, O grateful Nation, to adorn each
dusky brow;
They have proved it true that chivalry is more than
empty vow.
Honor, too, their gallant leaders, who have scaled
the heights of fame,
And whose valor adds new luster to the Anglo-
Saxon name.
Tell the story to your children, O ye mothers of our
land,
To each their noble daring, tell them how a faithful
band
Won the royal right forevermore to wear the Knightly
Crest
When they carved their faith to glory through the
Cossacks of the West.

—By J. S. Slater.

CHAPTER VII

Since the death of old Hezekiah Williams, the homestead had been maintained by a firm of solicitors, who was in charge of the estate of Colonel Fairfax. It was said that the Colonel made provisions in his will for the maintenance of Amanda Williams, Hezekiah's daughter. She had lived there for years with one or two near relatives who were companions. The farm was in a prosperous condition, and it was said that Hezekiah left his daughter well to do. Amanda Williams, the mistress of the farm, had been a sufferer for a long time, and it was said by knowing ones that she would not live very long. Any one who had talked with Amanda, saw, at a glance, that the sweet kindly face of this woman had a deep sorrow that no one had ever been able to fathom.

One day there came to this ancient homestead a bright and cheerful woman, whose glowing eyes and kindly trait of character bespoke of one endowed with the spirit of Godliness. The coming of Freda to this home brought a ray of sunshine into the life of Amanda Williams. It was here that Freda first saw the light of day; the invalid mistress was her nurse. She had not seen her for years, as they had never met since Freda was five years old. Amanda always longed for her return, and she prayed God nightly that he would spare her life that she might again see the child whom she loved as her own. Realizing that the shades of time were about to be drawn on her eventful life, she wrote to Freda, praying her to come, so that she might once more see the child who was all and all to her. When Freda received the summons, in these words:

"My Dear Miss Waters: You, no doubt, have forgotten me, as you were but a babe when taken from me. I was your nurse and I am soon to leave this world. You will grant me this request; come to me, that I may die happy.

From your old nurse,
Amanda Williams."

She hastened to comply, and once more she was in the home of her youth.

When Freda arrived the effect upon Amanda was miraculous; the pallor left her cheeks; the luster in her eyes turned to brightness, and the melancholy expression turned to laughter. The household commented upon the marvelous change of the invalid. Freda, too, seemed happy, for here in this humble home she found true love, and it seemed as if a severed link was again united. It was here, in this home, that the secret of her heritage was guarded. This woman, whom we know as Freda's nurse, was the keeper of the knowledge that would clear a mystery of long standing, which meant all and all to the future happiness of this Red Cross nurse.

Once, when alone with Amanda, Freda placed her arms around her neck and said to her, "Amanda, you can make me the happiest of women if you will tell me who I am. Who was my mother? Who was my father? Amanda, you were my nurse, you know all. If you love me as you say you do you will grant me this wish. My life has been unhappy from early youth because of the knowledge that I was a stranger in a strange land."

Amanda, overcome by the entreaties of this fair girl, broke down and wept, and feebly she pleaded, "I cannot! I cannot! The voice of the dead forbids. Forgive me! Forgive me!"

Freda, fearing a nervous breakdown, tenderly embraced her and said: "There, there! I will wait until you are a little stronger."

This interview was not very beneficial to the physical improvements of Amanda, and she was forced to remain in her room.

* * * *

On opening her mail one morning, Freda was surprised to receive a letter from Henderson, which read:

"My Dear Miss Waters:

It has been some time since we have seen each other. After returning from the Philippines I found that you had preceded me. I have been in my home town since arriving in America. Through an indirect way I learned of your whereabouts, and, if you will pardon the liberty I take, I will ask that I may see you for a short time. It is of vital importance to the honor of your foster brother, and I feel that my duty as a soldier and loyalty to my country must be regarded above all else. You may assist him and myself; your decision in the matter will be final. I await your reply.

Faithfully yours,
Sergeant Henderson."

Carefully reading this strange missive, Freda resolved to send for Henderson, and she immediately wrote the following answer:

"Sergeant Henderson, U. S. Army,
Washington, D. C.

My Dear Friend:

Your ever welcome letter at hand. It is needless to say how pleased I was to be honored by a word from you. Here, in the home of my nurse, I will be pleased to have you call. I will make preparations for your coming, and any assistance that I may render you or my foster brother, I beg you to command.

Yours truly,
Freda Waters."

P. S.—I anxiously await your arrival.

It was but a short time after the receipt of this letter that Henderson arrived. The meeting between the two was very cordial, and incidents leading up to the present time were discussed. Freda stated that after she returned from the Philippines life in the home of her foster parent was not very pleasant, and she told Henderson of a stormy scene between the Surgeon and herself. She also stated that at that time she received word from Amanda, and, knowing that she knew the secret of her heritage, she hastened there.

"Do they know who this woman is? Will they not attempt to reclaim you? Do you fear the Surgeon?" asked Henderson.

"I do; and I'm glad that you are here, for I feel safe when under your protection," answered Freda.

"And well you may, for I hold here the evidence against your foster brother, charging him with treason, and when presented to proper authorities, he will be court-martialed, and made to suffer for his crimes," and Henderson then related to Freda all that had happened on that eventful night when he was attacked by Fairfax and Pinto. The struggle in the dark; the capture of the sword with the owner's name engraved on the blade; the return to the legation; his silence for her sake, and at last his return to the United States.

The narrative deeply moved Freda, and she begged him to spare the Surgeon for his mother's sake, saying that she had released him of his promise as her affianced husband, and that her future life would be devoted to the nursing back to health one who was all and all to her. She had misgivings for the future, and she told Henderson that she had written to General Funston, who had taken such a fatherly interest in her, asking him to come and help her clear the mystery of her early youth.

"You will not go, Sergeant, until the General comes?" asked Freda.

"No, I will guard you as I would guard my own life until I know you are in safe hands. I will always be near to serve you," answered Henderson.

Very soon the arrival of General Funston was announced and the little humble home represented a military barracks.

Amanda seemed to improve with the arrival of the new guest, and she laughingly remarked that the soldiers had taken possession of her home, but she was a willing prisoner with Freda on guard.

General Funston, having taken a personal interest in Freda's welfare, and knowing of the will of the late Colonel Fairfax, decided to acquaint Freda with all the facts connected with the same. After supper had been served the General called Freda to one side and said, "I have something to say that will interest you. Do you want all to hear?"

"General, I'm here to clear up a distressing mystery associated with my past life, and any information you may volunteer, will be greatly appreciated. Do let us all hear your story" said Freda.

"All right." Then turning to Henderson the General said, "Well, you're here, Sergeant? I'm glad to see you here. I learned that Fairfax was the man who joined Pinto, the bandit, to rob the legation, and that he attempted to murder you at the forks, when you led your men against his band of bandits. Now, hear me! From what I can learn Colonel Fairfax, father of the Surgeon, and foster-father of Freda, left a will in which he bequeathed ten thousand dollars to Freda when she became of age. As guardian of Freda Mrs. Fairfax has failed to turn over to Freda the amount left by the deceased Colonel. The interest on that amount gives her enough money to use as long as she lives. It was the object of the mother for Surgeon Fairfax to marry Freda, which would keep the fortune in the Fairfax family."

Freda, with a surprised look, said: "Can this be true? I care not for the money. All I ask is to be allowed to remain in peace to care for this dear old soul, who is all and all to me. I have no claim upon the Fairfax fortunes, so why should the Colonel leave me anything? I was nothing to him. It was only through the sympathy of his dear heart that I was adopted."

Amanda sat as one stunned.

The General, thinking this was the opportune time to assist Freda in clearing the mystery, said: "Mrs. Williams, you will pardon me for taking this liberty in asking you a few impertinent questions; I assure you that it is no degree of impropriety, and you may answer or refuse at your discretion. This girl, Freda, whom we all love, has made a deep impression upon my life. Her noble sacrifice to duty, her tender, loving nature and melancholy reserve, has inspired me with the thought of assisting her in clearing the mystery of her life. That one wish is her daily thought and nightly dream. You, alone, hold the key as to who she is, and who are her rightful parents."

"I cannot! I cannot! The voice of the dead restrains me. Oh, that I could speak! It would not make those happy who knew, for the curse of Cain would haunt them as long as they lived. Freda, my child, when a babe you nursed at my breast; you loved me then; you love me now; I am happy, too, for you are with me. When I die, I die with the thought that you are happy. Now promise me, no matter what ever comes, you will not cease to love me, even though you may learn the truth. O Lord, my life struggles are nearly over. Inspire this heart to do Thy bidding, and if I should err, judge me only for the sin I have done to myself. Thou hast forgiven me. Take me to Thy home."

"There, there, Amanda, you have overtaxed yourself. Quito, take Amanda to her room," said Freda.

When Freda left the room with Amanda and Quito the General said: "It is all too strange; I cannot understand. Henderson, I'm going to ride to the City Hall. You remain here as I want a good soldier on guard. "This is no place for me! I love to fight and I love to be opposed, but when women cry, I lose my heart.' "

Freda, on entering the room, said "Sergeant Henderson, tell me! what have you been doing since we last met?"

"Oh," answered Henderson, "they have shipped us from place to place, and we have had no real action since our return to the United States. Freda, I have some news for you. My term in the army has expired. Now, I want to leave with you a little secret. Will you keep it? Freda, some time ago when life's scenes were blank to me, and no one seemed to care for me, I gave my heart, my life, my soul to one whom I thought would give to me in return that which all men crave—love. From that time I have courted and have been true, never giving a thought to another. At the expiration of my enlistment I will return to that love and I wish you to bid me good cheer. Give me your blessing!"

"Sergeant Henderson, your words are astounding. Oh, why am I here to suffer more misery? You might have gone to the other end of the world, and I would have gone too, praying that an enemy's bullet would pierce you that I might care for you. That feeble prayer will not be answered now. Oh, why did you tell me this? Why is fate so cruel as to take you from me? Do you find pleasure in crushing the heart of one who would give up her life for you? Who, may I ask, has won the heart of the bravest man in the world?" questioned Freda.

"My country! Freda, pardon me—Miss Waters, as I told you before, my term soon expires. After seeing your safely into the care of one who will

shield and love you, and the fortune you have inherited being enough to satisfy your every wish, I will marry my first love, the only love I ever knew, 'To fight for the glory of the Stars and Stripes!' Before I go I will leave this sword, the sword I took from Fairfax the night he attempted my life. I charge you to guard it, and if he attempts to harm you, the knowledge that you have holds the only evidence of his treasonable acts, and will deter him from putting into execution any of his plots."

* * * *

A magnificent home, but all that wealth and culture could add did not relieve the sombre influence that prevailed. Rosewood seemed cold. Outside all was grandeur and life. Nature had done her duty in blossoming her buds. Within, the master and mistress struggled against the loneliness of their lives, and the long association of Freda and her foster-mother brought only deep remorse to this good woman, for the tenderness she had exhibited to one who was as near to her as her own child. Fairfax, conscience stricken, and fearing he would, at any moment, be arrested for treason, seemed unable to get any comfort or peace of mind. After the evening meal a loving mother and a hot-tempered man sat and talked.

"Why did she go away, mother? When will she return?"

"She has gone to the home of Amanda Williams, who is dying, who requested that she might see Freda before she died," answered the mother, "Have no fear, my boy. She will come back, as this is her home, and although she is of the most lovable disposition, you know she is decided in her views."

"Mother, she is my promised wife. I will go and beg her to return. If she refuses, I will use force. I will leave for Virginia to-morrow. You will accompany me, for I cannot trust myself alone."

Fearing that her son had become desperate, and knowing of the influence she could exercise over his movements, she decided to go with him. They made ready for the journey to begin the next day.

* * * *

Separated from time to time by duty to their master and mistress, the lives of Quito and Pete were not to their own keeping. At each parting it was extremely heartrending. From their meeting in Cuba, while Pete was an attendant for General Funston, and Quito became the ward of Freda, these two hearts met, loved, and longed for the time when they could claim each other. General Funston, not knowing where he would be stationed and not anxious to lose his true friend and attendant never encouraged Pete in his love affair; but, as Providence brought these two lives together, it seemed that there would be a fitting climax to this drama of affection. Quito's love for her mistress, "Miss Freda," as she called her, soothed her in a measure when she was separated from Pete. From Cuba, they met again in Washington, and again in the Philippines. Peace was declared, and Freda returned to her home in Washington. When she was summoned to the home of Amanda Williams, we find Quito with her. General Funston, receiving the request from Freda, and knowing the thoughts of his bodyguard Pete, decided to have Pete accompany him. Pete little dreamed that he would again see his heart's desire; thus we find the plans of Cupid being carried out to the letter. The meeting between the two was carefully noticed by Freda and the General. The surprise and pleasure depicted on the faces of these two dark lovers was a great pleasure to the General, and was equally enjoyed by Freda.

Who could foretell what was in store for all concerned. The shaping of the destiny of lives is not with individuals. In this humble home,

after many trials, amid foreign surroundings and eventful happenings, these hearts, embodied with true sincerity of purpose, high and lofty aspirations on one side, mute and tenderness on the other, is the problem, soon to be solved by fate. There is no denying the fact that no matter how wide the social gulf between Freda and Henderson, the tender regard for each other was very prevalent. It was admitted that Freda regarded Henderson tenderly, accepting him on the ground that he was an extraordinary man, a hero, and, though of a different race than she, he occupied a position that brought him in favor with the entire world. Could she love him? Her childlike simplicity and Christian feeling for every one was an apology for her acts toward Henderson. The Sergeant realized that a union between the two was impossible, and unable to combat the dictates of his heart he permitted himself to be a willing slave, with no reward for the sacrifice.

The coming of Surgeon Fairfax and his mother was like the arrival of a day of execution and Henderson was perplexed as to what course to pursue. He sought the advice of the General, who could offer him no immediate relief, but advised him to allow the events to take their own course and await the result.

Fairfax was accompanied by some civil authorities, who had in their possession a warrant for Henderson on the old charge, and there was great excitement when an attempt was made to put into execution the serving of the warrant. Fairfax, pointing to Henderson, said to the officers: "Seize him! Arrest him!"

As the officers were about to execute his command, Henderson said:

"One moment! You are in the home of a dying woman, and if there are any charges against me I will readily accompany you without force; but I

charge you that the first man who lays his hand on me will do so at the peril of his life. Miss Waters, will you please join Amanda for a few minutes? I have something to say that would be unpleasant for you to hear. Mrs. Fairfax, I beg you to join the ladies; you may return shortly. Now, Fairfax, you, at one time, attempted to settle an old score with me. Why you should call it an old score I know not, as I never laid a straw in your pathway; but, for some fancied reason, you sought my life. Now the worm has turned and you shall answer to me for all you have done. Your charge for burglary will not hold. These men dare not arrest me, as I am sent here by the government of the United States to arrest you for treason, and I hold, as evidence, this sword, your name engraved upon its blade, and the sworn confession of Pinto, your accomplice. Now Fairfax, there are two courses for you to choose. You, with your seconds, will meet me to-morrow at five in the morning, at the turn of the old road leading to the swamp. You may have the choice of weapons, and there shall be a fight to death. I have no fear as to the result, for one so despicable, who will sell the birthright of his country to a hostile tribe, cannot hope for success in an equal conflict. If you fail to meet me I will haunt you to the four ends of the earth that you may be brought before proper authorities, court-martialed, and shot down like a dog that you are. You need not restrain him, officers, he's before his master now."

Like a wild animal held in leash, it seemed as if Fairfax frothed at the mouth. The surprised look of the officers in charge, as the accused became the accuser, brought consternation upon the scene. The hot Southern blood of Fairfax fairly boiled with indignation and revenge, and with difficulty he was restrained from attempting personal assault upon his accuser. At this juncture General Funston

arrived, and taking the situation in at a glance, he assumed personal command and gave orders that Fairfax should be placed under arrest. Fairfax, realizing the utter hopelessness of his case, became calm and demanded that he be heard. About this time Freda entered the room, and in a gentle voice, said, "Gentlemen, you are in my house, and I trust you will respect the same. What have I done that I am indebted for this unusual visit, Surgeon?"

"My dear mother and I have come to take you back to your home. She is your guardian, and you have promised to be my wife. This is no place for you; you have no right to be here. It is true that we have had little differences, but they should be overlooked. I now demand that you prepare yourself to accompany us back to Washington," answered Surgeon Fairfax.

Mrs. Fairfax, hearing the appeal, came upon the scene, and, with outstretched arms, she imploringly said, "Freda, Freda, my child, say you will go!"

General Funston, knowing the exact condition of affairs, interrupted, saying, "One moment, Mrs. Fairfax! There is a fortune left this girl by the deceased Colonel. Why have you not acquainted her with the fact? Why have you denied this girl that which is rightfully hers?"

Mrs. Fairfax, with bowed head and tenderness of love, which characterized her deep feeling for Freda, and tears streaming from her eyes, sobbed: "It is all too true. The fortune is hers. I have the papers here." With trembling hands she drew from her bosom a small packet of papers.

In an instant, like a crazed tiger, Fairfax snatched the papers from his mother's hand, and with an oath he screamed, "By the gods she shall not have them! I swear she has promised to be my wife, and I will hold her until her dying day."

There were sounds heard from the other room, as one trying to restrain another from coming upon

the scene. First the voice of persuasion, then almost a command, but it seemed of no avail. The door leading from that little parlor to the room occupied by Amanda Williams was thrown open, and a woman, who, but a short time ago, was weak from a nervous depression, stood erect in the doorway. The fire showing in her eyes clearly depicted that a great load had been lifted from her heart. Unassisted she came upon the warring faction, and with outstretched arms toward Freda, she clearly and distinctly said, "Freda, I am strong now. God has released me from the vow I once made. He will soon call me to my life's account. I have suffered all these years that you may not know that which would make you unhappy the remainder of your days. You were taken from me when a child. I was given a sum of money. Because of the fairness of your skin you were taught to believe that I was your nurse, and that you were a waif upon the world. I vowed never to divulge the secret. You are my own child; my own flesh and blood. Your father was none other than the father of Surgeon Fairfax."

Mrs. Fairfax, almost overcome by the declaration of Amanda, exclaimed: "Is it true? Is it true?"

"It is true," answered Amanda, "and I vowed to the Colonel never to reveal the secret. The secret would have died with me, but I must spare you and your son from a greater wrong. Freda! Forgive me! Forgive me!"

After hearing the confession of her mother, Freda rushed to Amanda, and throwing her arms around her neck, cried, "Amanda! My mother! My mother! There is a millstone lifted from this aching heart that was bearing me down, but the knowledge that you are my own, dear mother, who has suffered so much that I might be happy, is all that I want in this world. You will live! You will live! and

we shall be happy. Mrs. Fairfax, you have been good to me, and you will forgive my dear mother as you hope to be forgiven. Surgeon, in the memory of those days when we were young, I forgive you for all you have done to me. May we be friends as long as we live."

The scene was one that left an indelible impression upon the minds of those present. The declaration of Amanda, disclosing the secret imbedded in her heart for these many years, the explosion of the shattered romance of Surgeon Fairfax, the humiliation exhibited by his mother at the disclosures, and the sublime contentment of Freda, demonstrating only the satisfaction that she had learned the truth concerning her ancestry, made a vivid picture. The gods of fate, supplanting the gods of hate, was a fitting climax to this eventful life.

Henderson stood as one stunned, and with a thought that the realization of his dreams was near, he seemed unable to grasp its great import: "She can be mine! She can be mine!"

Funston, realizing a duty he was to perform, was the first to regain his composure, and stepping forward, placed his hand upon Fairfax's shoulder, saying, "Surgeon, you are my prisoner. I charge you with treason. Consider yourself under arrest."

A look of utter dejection was stamped on the face of Surgeon Fairfax, and, as the officers who were nearby were about to put into execution the command of General Funston, Fairfax turned imploringly toward Henderson

CONCLUSION

The Awakening

I did not know that life could be so sweet,
I did not know the hours could speed so fleet,
'Till I knew you, and life was sweet again,
The days grew brief with love and lack of pain—

I was a slave a few short days ago,
The powers of Kings and Princes now I know;
I would not be again in bondage, save
I had your smile, the liberty I crave.

—*Paul Laurence Dunbar.*

When old Hezekiah Williams purchased the farm from Colonel Fairfax, he little thought what fate had in store for him and his. Colonel Fairfax was known as a man with a kind heart, always solicitous of the welfare of those whom he befriended. Born an aristocrat, reared in the luxuries of life, a scion of a proud and noble family, it was said that this man of prominence would not stoop to a degrading thought or act; but we find that the dictates of conscience often varies to supply excuse for wanton acts. As a welcome visitor to the home of Hezekiah Williams, no suspicion ever entered the mind of the owner as to the intent of their honored guest.

Amanda Williams, the beautiful daughter of Hezekiah, received the Colonel in the line of the family benefactor, and she admired his noble traits of character, his military bearing, and often remarked that the Colonel was like one of the family. After the death of her father, the financial difficulties confronting them and paying off the mortgage on

the farm, gave the Colonel an opportunity to display greater acts of philanthropy towards these unfortunate friends.

"Don't worry, Amanda," he said, one day after the death of her father, "I will be your friend, and no harm shall befall you. Neither you or your mother shall want for anything as long as I am able to serve you." But, what was the price? "Judge not ye that ye may not be judged."

With full confidence in the Colonel's honesty of purpose, Amanda little suspected that those kind words, coming from the lips of the man whom she regarded in the light of a family friend, would leave her sorrowing for years to come.

"Amanda," said the Colonel to her one day, "if you will guide me, I would like to look over the farm; there may be some improvements needed."

"All right, Colonel!" Like a careless school girl, eager to be of some assistance, she took the Colonel by the hand, and they were soon wending their way to the farthest end of the estate. Coming to a little brook whose waters irrigated the soil, and being tired they sat down to refresh themselves. Finding a part of a cocoanut shell which they used for a cup, tenderly he stooped, and with that gallant reserve of a knight serving a princess, he dipped from the brook the cooling water. As he gave it to her their eyes met, and as she took from his hand the shell that contained the water, a feeling of awe took possession of her, trembling as a lamb would before the king of the forest. The hot passion of blood rushed to the temples of the Colonel, which seemed to blind him. His moral instinct paralyzed, before he realized the enormity, he threw his arms around her neck and kissed her passionately. Helpless in the arms of a stronger foe, surprised beyond measure, Amanda was unable to defend herself or to offer one word of protest. The tears rushed to her eyes, and sobbingly she cried, "Colonel! Oh, Colonel!"

Releasing her for a moment, and realizing his awful act, he tenderly took her in his arms again, saying, "Amanda, I love you! Forgive me for what I have done. We are not responsible for conditions. We have no control over ourselves. It is true I have no right to approach you, to subject you to any act that would blight your future. Say you will forgive me!"

"Colonel Fairfax, until now I looked upon you as the noblest of men, never stooping to one degrading act. It is true that my mother and I are your wards. If it is your will you could drive us from our home. My father being dead I am left unprotected. I appeal to your noble manhood, and if there be one spark remaining, one sense of noble duty, one thought of regard for your family, I implore you to forget this day. As God forgives, so do I. Take me to my mother!"

These ringing words of censure, coming from one so weak in physical force, brought the Colonel back to himself. Raising his hat, he assumed his former gallantry and bowed, saying, "We will return to the cottage. We will forget." The Colonel vowed to himself that from that moment he would never see her again, only when she was in company with her mother, for he feared his weakness, that he would never surrender to it.

"Come, Colonel, I know you didn't mean any harm. We will finish what we set out to do. See, this is the storehouse for the tobacco. It needs repairing."

As if nothing had happened they discussed questions of interest for the improvement of the farm. Taking note as to what was to be done, the Colonel and Amanda returned to the cottage. After a few words with her mother he returned to his home, Amanda to think over the happenings of the day. What could she do? Where could she go? What would become of her mother if she should leave?

In the solitude of her chamber she knelt and prayed to God that he would shield and protect her. In the stillness of the night she was awakened in her dreams, and a voice was heard to say, "Amanda, I love you!" Do whatever she could, she was unable to drive the echo from her mind and thoughts; realizing her position, the difference between the two races, and the knowledge that the Colonel had a family. She saw in him her ideal, but she must not entertain any thought that would bring her into disfavor with the world, or to cause one pang of conscious remorse. Amanda vowed to be strong, to defend herself for any indiscretion in the future.

In a few days workmen and lumber arrived, and the needed improvements were done. After the painting of the cottage, barns and outhouses, Amanda and her mother were surprised beyond expression. What did the Colonel mean to do? Were the improvements made for the disposing of the old homestead? Truly, he could not hope to be financially repaid by two helpless women. Not hearing from the Colonel, they were left in anxious doubt. A feeling of uneasiness was entertained by both Amanda and her mother, fearing at any time that they would receive notice that the Colonel had foreclosed, and would take possession of his own property. One day a large van arrived containing carpets, chairs, and other household goods. The man in charge handed a sealed letter to Amanda. The contents read:

"My Dear Miss Williams: I am sending you some things which may be of service to you. I am refurnishing Rosewood, and I trust that you will accept these in the true spirit of an old friend.

Very truly yours,
Colonel Fairfax."

Mrs. Williams, overjoyed, instructed Amanda to send for the Colonel that she might personally thank him. Not long after that the Colonel arrived

to look over the improvements, and to receive the appreciation of those he befriended.

"How do you do, Colonel?" was the pleasant salutation given the Colonel by Amanda. "Mother is not feeling well; I will take you to her room."

Soon the Colonel and Amanda stood by the bedside of her mother.

"Colonel," said the mother, "I am so glad you have come. I'm not so well to-day, but we wish to say from the depths of our hearts we thank you for your kindness. How can we ever repay you?"

"There! There! Never mind! All I ask is that you recover, and now I must go and see how the work has been done."

"All right, Colonel. Amanda, take the Colonel around."

It was this simple command, unconsciously given by Amanda's mother to her, that brought years of trial and sorrow; for within a year a stranger appeared in that cottage. Its birth did not bring joy, but remorse. This advent shadowed the lives of two hearts. Mrs. Williams began to age, and became weaker and weaker, until at last she was called to her life's account.

The death of Mrs. Williams and the care of the new arrival shattered the health of Amanda, but realizing the care of her child, and the true mother's love, gave her strength to fight the battle of life. This beautiful baby girl showed not the least trace of negro blood. We recognize our heroine, "Freda!"

Carefully nursed by her mother, she received the best attention that could be given any child. The Colonel's visits were more frequent at the homestead. Amanda, being the mistress, no questions were asked by those who served her. For more than four years Amanda had the care of Freda, when at that time the Colonel decided to rear the child, train, and educate her so that she may never know her true ancestry. It was extremely heartrending

when Amanda gave Freda to her father. She only surrendered her child with the knowledge that she would protect its future. The consideration of the annuity given Amanda by the Colonel did not influence her to make the sacrifice; it was the mother's love for her child that Freda would be far happier not knowing the true state of affairs.

So we find Freda, at the age of five years, adopted by her own father at the Rosewood mansion. Her early life, education, works of charity, and the engagement to Surgeon Fairfax were all eventful. We find her now at her former home, the home of her birth, seeking some knowledge of her ancestry. When Amanda heard the declaration of Fairfax, that Freda was his betrothed wife, the breaking of her vow, and the pleasure it gave Freda for the knowledge she had so long sought, was a fitting climax to the many perplexing problems.

At the action of General Funston, placing Fairfax under arrest, it seemed to take from him all his manly power of resistance, and his utter helplessness was evident. Who would save him? Appealingly his eyes turned to the man whom he had hounded and whose life he had sought. Would he exercise his prerogative, or would he show mercy?

The picture of a scion of a noble family, condemned to punishment by one who was socially his inferior, the weeping mother, the rigid hand of the law, and a happy woman made a contrasting foreground that no artist or poet could describe in word or brush. Fate is the artist and living souls the characters.

After a deathlike silence, the voice of Henderson was heard to say, "General, to convict Surgeon Fairfax for this grave crime, you must have evidence; that evidence I hold, and may God in His infinite grace forgive him as I forgive." Suiting the action to the word, he tore the confession of Pinto into pieces,

and taking the sword, which was meant for his destruction, in a determined, directed blow, he broke it across his knee.

Mrs. Fairfax, unnerved by the act of this black hero, threw her arms around his neck and cried, "God bless you! God bless you!"

* * * *

Two saddened hearts wended their way home to renew life under different conditions.

The General's work being finished he gave Freda his blessing, but it was a sad parting for the General, as he left behind one who had been with him for years. When the choice was made between the General and Quito, Pete said, "General, I loves you; you has been good to me and I would give my life for you at any time. You know I'm gitting old and I can't travel like I used to. Miss Freda told me I could stay here on the farm, and Quito has promised—" To emphasize his thought he poked the General in the ribs. "General, go to Mrs. Fairfax. You know dat woman needs you and you need some one to care for you. It's better to be head of Rosewood than a target for the enemy."

Although the General seemed loth to admit Pete's charges, he decided, within himself, to adopt the course advised. "Well, good-bye, friends! I suppose a minister will be needed soon, and you must have witnesses." As he moved toward the door, he added, "Remember General Funston."

After an exchange of departing formalities there remained but three.

Amanda, turning to Henderson, with a look of tenderness overspreading her calmlike countenance said, "Sergeant, tell me your plans, for I feel too happy to have one dark cloud appear."

"Miss Williams," said Henderson, "I must report for duty. Uncle Sam has not released me, so I will report to headquarters for orders."

"Sergeant, God has sent you to this humble home to shield and protect two lone women. It is true that the country needs your service, but it is equally true that you are wanted here. Promise me that you will return to us. That promise and the thought that Freda will be happy, will make my declining days peaceful."

"Come, mother, let me take you to your room. I fear the reaction will be too great for you. Excuse me for a moment, Sergeant. I will join you in the arbor," and with the tenderness that had characterized her whole life, Freda led her mother away.

Henderson, left alone, stepped to the door and called Pete. After passing a few pleasant words with his old friend he was joined by Freda. Pete, realizing his unwelcome presence, made an excuse and was soon gone.

A large grape arbor, drooping vines, rustic boughs, that would grace an entrance to the Garden of Eden, was where Freda and Henderson were seen to enter.

The sun shone with gleeful radiance. Nearby, the careless dancing of the water of the brook over the rocks, the merry caroling of the birds in the trees, and the perfume of the flowers, were the homage given to the principals of this romance. All was bright and gay and it seemed as if Providence had prepared minutely the details that were to make this occasion most fitting. Cupid, with arrow drawn, ready to release at the given signal, was the last important act.

Screened by the bars of Nature, the declaration of two hearts, with the birds as the only living witnesses, can best be described by the words—

"Two souls with but a single thought
Two hearts that beat as one."

Emerging from their temporary haven there was a ruddy glow seen upon Freda's face.

"I will look for you as soon as you are released."

"Freda, the time is all too long before my return, but as God has been good to us both, and if it is His will that nothing intervenes, I will soon return to claim you as my own. Until then you will nurse your dear mother back to health, and perfect all plans for the great event."

Two strong arms were thrown around the slender form; the seal stamped on the lips of the one who had given her future for the man who was her soul's choice.

* * * *

A village church, a noble gathering, a perfect day, solemn words, prompt responses, the pealing of the organ; These were the crowning acts that cemented severed hearts.

THE END.

Everywoman

By F. Grant Gilmore

Everywoman plays her part upon life's stage;
Everywoman is the star in this wondrous age;
Everywoman's power, Everywoman's noble art,
Everywoman's act is from Everywoman's heart.

The curtain rises on the scene in Everywoman's home;
There she reigns in majesty, a queen upon her throne;
She calls for her companions, her loyal subjects three,
Her first is Youth; then Beauty comes; and last is Modesty.

This drama, acted on life's stage, is called "In Quest of Love";
The hero is a royal King, whose power comes from above;
Everywoman seeks him, little knowing of the strife,
The dangers that beset her path, through her eventful life.

We go, my fair companions; we leave this humble place;
You'll e'er be near to guide me, with your wondrous grace;
Then out on the road of Uncertainty, the four silently strolled,
While the chimes in yonder belfry solemnly tolled.

"Where goest thou?" A ringing voice; 'Tis flattery that calls;
"'Tis I that Everywoman loves, a love that's all and all";
"Ah, that is true, but my companions fear thy marvelous power,
And our journey has just started within the parting hour."

"I'll see thee more," said Everywoman, laughing in joyful glee;
"But who comes hither, whose face is masked, and who is calling me?"
"'Tis Passion! Oh, Everywoman," Modesty replies,
"Come fly with Beauty and with Youth; there's danger in his sighs.

"Why journey on, Oh, Everywoman? 'Tis I thy heart doth crave,
Sweet nectar in my kisses, that carry to the grave";
"Alas! O, King, I've found thee; let me rest on thy strong arm,
In ecstacy of bliss I sleep, unmindful of future harm."

But where is fair Modesty? She's vanished from thy sight,
Fair Beauty and Youth will shield thee, all through the coming night;
"I see it all," cried Everywoman; "Modesty fled in disgrace;
I know thee now; thou art no king," the mask torn from his face.

He hurries from the fateful scene to hide his face in shame,
Defeat and dishonor is stamped upon his name;
We'll hurry on, companions; let's hurry on our way,
For Everywoman is made welcome in the city Gay.

Ah! see the gay lights gleaming. Ah! hear the music sweet;
Hear the laughter of the throngs, through the busy street;
'Tis here we'll find our august king, 'mid sunshine, life, and song,
Awaiting Everywoman. A king can do no wrong.

Why all this pompous grandeur? Why all this gala fete?
Who is this Knight Royal, the people crave to greet?
Ah! see Everywoman; "'Tis he! 'Tis he, himself!"
The world pays homage to the king—the King Wealth.

He smiles on Everywoman; she smiles in return,
Enraptured by her companions, who soon the truth will learn;
"Art thou the king I seeketh? Will't thou tell me true?"
"I am, O, Everywoman! my throne I'll share with you.

"Bring on the wine; the music play; let joy be unconfined!
My gold is my scepter; the joys of life are mine."
"Take me and my companions, Beauty and fair Youth—"
"Stop!" I say. "It shall not be!" Who's this? The voice of Truth.

"I implore thee Everywoman! Listen to my plea!
'Tis I and Conscience that is ever ready to guide thee."
"I'll hear thee not! Out of my way! I go with my King,
And for his noble sacrifice, my two companions bring."

The guests arrive; the feast is on; life is one gay dream;
Wealth is the arrant Knight; Everywoman is the Queen;
'Mid strains of song and laughter, unmindful of the cost,
The voice of Truth and Conscience shout, "Stop! thy soul is lost!"

"Alas! Oh, where is Beauty, who was ever at my side?"
"She's passed to the realms beyond," cried Truth; "Your companion has died."
"Oh, Youth, thou art the only one that's left to cheer me now,
And thou art fading fast; care is stamped upon thy brow."

"What! lost thy companions?" cried Wealth, in disdain;
"Thy charms have fled; thou lookest not the same,
And I must seek another Queen to take the place of thee."
Deserted and alone thou art, dethroned by Vanity.

But Truth, yet all undaunted, bravely bore the test;
"Come, Everywoman, follow Truth, to yon haven of rest."
On they journeyed, o'er life's pathway, silently alone,
Leaning on the arm of Truth, Everywoman reaches home.

Ah! Who is this that greets us; who's voice is strong and clear?
'Tis King Love, the First!" cried Truth; "My son who bids us draw near."
"Alas! Alas! my King I've found thee. Take me in thy strong arm,
To live and love all through life; shield me from all harm."

Now the play is ended. O, world be just; be fair;
To Everywoman be merciful; charitable everywhere.
Her faults are many; virtues few; always seeking fame;
The curtain falls upon the scene. "Nobody" is to blame.

Grandpa's Resolution

By F. Grant Gilmore

Come children, come and hear
What yo' grandpa has to say;
Just listen, honey; lay down yo' cheer,
Befo' dis New Year's Day.

You knows dis race am prosperous,
Through de good Lord's kindly grace;
And he's also very generous,
In preparing us a place.

But how's we gwine to pay him,
For de good things dat we's got;
De Bible says we's bo'n in sin,
And dar's a place dat's hot.

Now, we don't want to go tha',
For doing things that's wrong;
We wants to be one of dem dat are
Wid de mighty throng.

So as dis year am passing out,
And de New Year's coming in,
Dis aint no time to play and shout,
But make new resolutions.

See what we's done in fifty years,
Since slavery ruled de lan';
When prayer was mingled wid our tears,
And shackles on our hands.

De war den came and we was free,
We started on our way;
We's gone so fast, honey, you see,
We's done run past our day.

First we got some schoolin',
Den we got some sense;
'Dere was no time for foolin',
Or hangin' on de fence.

We jes' kept on a-hustlin',
A-working night and day,
Till now we is a-crowdin',
De white folks out de way.

Dat's why we is thankful
Fo' de good things from above;
Dat's why we is grateful,
For His never-dying love.

Now, chillen, let's make dis promise
To de good Lord, from dis day
To rid our hearts from malice,
And to love, watch, and pray.

To share each udder's burden,
To give care to our health,
To get all de eddication,
To get a slice ob wealth.

To do as we wish to be done by,
To be honest, brave, and true;
To wipe tears from some poor one's eye,
As you'd have them do to you.

Now, let us all our voices raise,
In glory and good-will cheer,
Triumphantly giving praise
For this coming New Year.

A Dream

By F. Grant Gilmore

Seated in my cosy armchair,
Resting from the cares of toil,
When out from the burning embers glare
Two faces whom I knew of old.

The wind without was howling mad;
Within all was quiet and serene;
All the world to me was glad;
I fell asleep; this was my dream:

"A cabin in the cotton fields,
Slave hands all gather'd near;
A bonded mother trying to shield
Her boy she loves so dear.

Torn away from his mother's side,
She'll ne'er see him no more;
Fate has decreed to devide,
Those whom we love and adore.

I see again a noble man
Escaped from the tyrant's chain,
Free to fight and take a stand,
That justice may supremely reign.

Who's this? Ah! there stands Lincoln,
Giving freedom to the slaves;
What's that? The roar of cannon,
The rushing of the braves?

I see a frightful carnage;
Families are torn in twain,
Fighting with masterly courage,
To preserve their country's name.

The scene has changed; peace declared;
And from each veteran's mouth
I hear these words, in sorrow shared,
'There is no North or South.'

Ah! there are the halls of Congress,
Where justice and law abide;
And with patriotic firmness,
Stand Lincoln and Douglass, side by side."

I awoke at last, in amazement,
Crying, "Glory to God; give praise";
And with one glorifying assent,
Celebrate Lincoln and Douglass birthdays.

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